

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

*SCOTTISH DIALECT.*

BY

DAVID MORISON.

---

*Curs'd be the verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,  
Which tends to make, one honest man my foe.* POPE.

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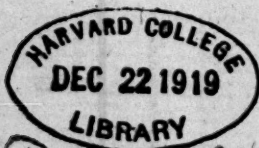
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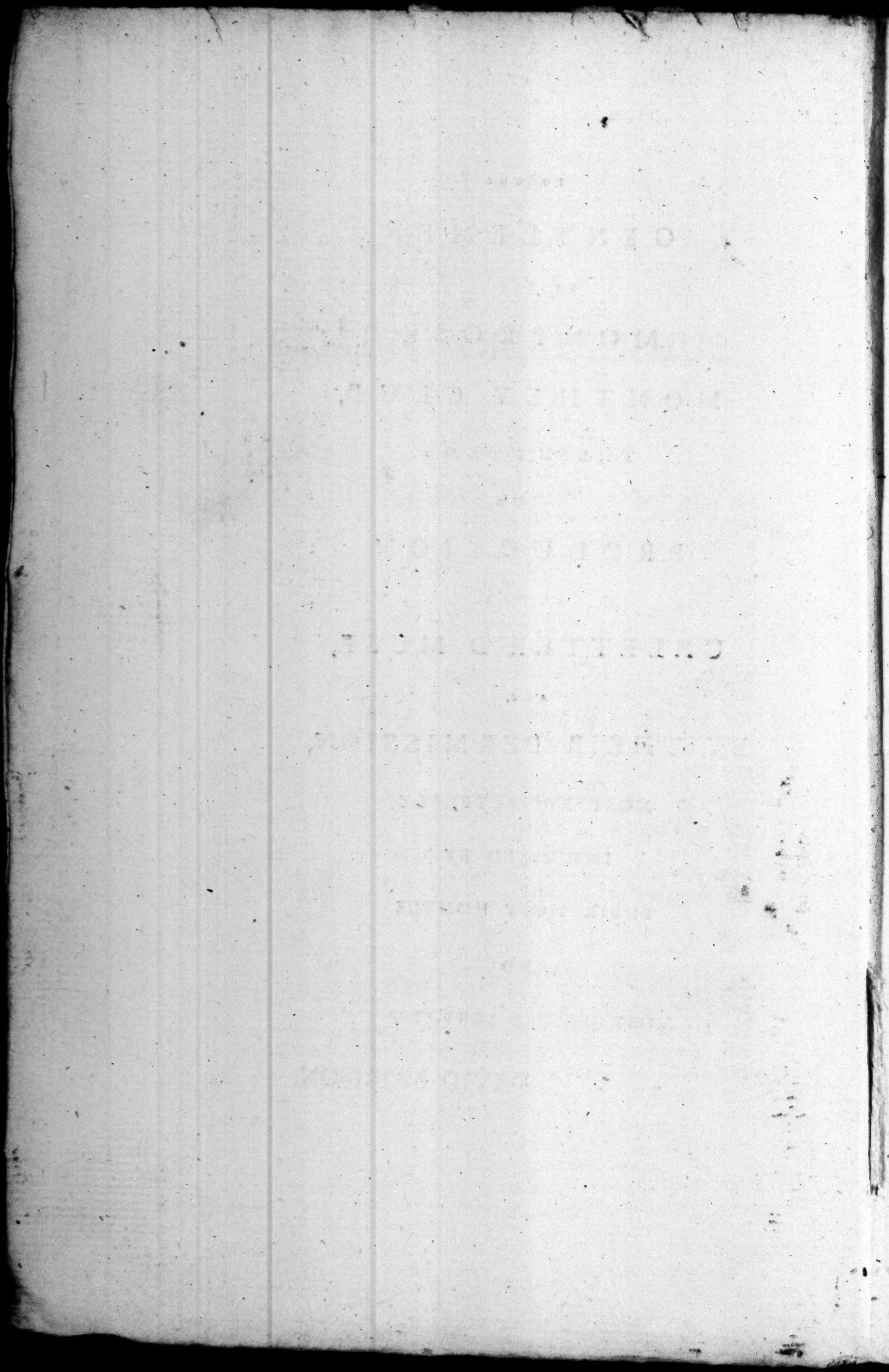
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*Taylor fund*

TO THE  
GENTLEMEN  
OF THE  
MONTROSE  
MONTHLY CLUB,  
THESE POEMS  
THE  
PRODUCTION  
OF THE  
UNLETTER'D MUSE,  
ARE,  
BY THEIR PERMISSION,  
MOST RESPECTFULLY  
INSCRIBED BY  
THEIR MOST HUMBLE  
AND  
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P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

S C O T T I S H.

---

T H E

T W A H A T S,

*Let such teach others who themselves excell,  
And censure freely who have written well,  
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see;  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.*

P O P E.

**A**E Sunny morn' for recreation  
Twa hats began a flow cantation,  
They frae a skelf began to claver,  
The tane was Woo' the tither Beaver;

† A



Their notes through ilka corner rang,  
While I fat mute to hear their fang.

### B E A V E R H A T.

Ah me! to what will bus'ness turn?  
A' day I here may fit an mourn,  
Nane spiers my price, though I can boast  
Of lately leaving England's coast;  
Tho' Beaver, what doth that avail me?  
My master fure's nae like to fell me,  
Already on my head is laid,  
Full five per cent, as los on trade.

### W O O L H A T.

I here wha fit am coarser gear  
Than you, but coarser fou'k me wear.  
This month I've dally'd on the skelf;  
For credit or for ready pelf,  
Nane think fae much as ance to spier  
Gin I, poor I, be cheap or dear.

## B E A V E R H A T.

Sin' Scotia first a kingdom was  
 They've broke, they've made, an' mended laws;  
 Some for our well an' preservation,  
 Some, ane wou'd think, down-right d---n---n;  
 But ae unvaried rule in trade is,  
 By every trader down it laid is;  
 To grasf; in ilka scheme they'll pry,  
 Gin ane shou'd fail, anither try.  
 Now what though trade in hats be sma',  
 There's ither trades for him to ca.

## W O O L H A T.

True neighbour, but ye ken fu' well  
 That trade of late's gaen to the deil,  
 Shou'd ane suggest a trade, an' thrive in't,  
 E'er lang a hunder fure wou'd dive in't;  
 Some wou'd back-bite, some under-fell,  
 Some wou'd play tricks I darna tell;  
 To wrest the trade frae the contriver,  
 Some wou'd sweep hell to find a stiver.



Your hand my chield, let us devise  
 Some cannie knack, by which he'll rise  
 A wee, for now a days I tak' it,  
 Poor fouk by a' are difrespecit,  
 But filler, strange infatuation,  
 Mak's fools carefs'd in every nation :  
 He's young an' stout wi' fient a joint out,  
 Will ye some honest way but point out.

#### B E A V E R H A T.

Troth Rockie, frae my heart I think  
 He's got the knack o' crambo clink ;  
 By that there's aft been filler made,  
 An' here, that's fure nae common trade,  
 Curs'd opposition maun be born,  
 Let wha blaws best bear aff the horn.

#### W O O L H A T.

Wa wi' your stuf he has nae smeadam,  
 He publish! faul I wou'd nae read him ;  
 There's chields ca'd Critics (do his best on't)  
 Wou'd shake their craps, an' that fu' fest, on't.

An' shou'd grofs faults in it ly thick,  
 Him an' his book they'd fend to Nick;  
 At least gin their ill tongues cou'd do it.  
 To publish, then, I fear he'd rue it;  
 Presumption, sure 'twou'd be the height o't,  
 Good lack! they'd laugh just at the sight o't.

His education's been fae sma',  
 He hardly kens a B frae A;  
 I own that's nae his wyte, for why?  
 Oer soon he try'd to rear a pye;  
 Gin ten year-auld as sure as lent is,  
 He was a Baker's bound apprentice;  
 An' ay till now his toil's been hard,  
 How cou'd he think to turn a *Bard*!

#### B E A V E R H A T.

Wae on your snout! you speak o' smeadum,  
 Coarse are your thoughts, as coarse you've  
     made 'em;  
 Wou'd you speak sense, it sure wou'd glad ane;  
 They're *born* Poets, lear' ne'er made ane.



A Bard tho' barefoot rough an' ruddie,  
 Wi' mither wit, tho' foul an' duddie,  
 Can paint fu' well the ways o' nature,  
 Her every grace, an' every feature.

He'd tell the thoughts o' lower classes,  
 As credulous house-wives, lads an' lasses;  
 Wha, round the ingle wi' their rocks,  
 Convene, to crack their jeery jocks.

When Rob wi' twa right pawkie een,  
 A wyllie wager lays wi' Jean,  
 " That he'll wi' ease a rigg length rin,  
 " E'er she her hindmost teat will spin ;"  
 The temper pin she gi'es a tirl,  
 An' spins but slow, yet seems to birl;  
 Thinking to blind her neighbour Befs,  
 That Rob may rin an' win the kifs.

Or tell the pranks o' winter nights;  
 How Satan blazes uncouth lights,  
 Or how he does a core convene,  
 Upon a witch-frequented green;

Wi' spells an' cauntrops hellish rantin',  
 Like maukins thro' the fields they're jauntin'.  
 How some are sent kirk-yards to haunt ;  
 To ape the deil, the others maunt ;  
 When tir'd o' that fell midnight-dance,  
 Some in egg shells leg aff for France.

The rest round Satan, frisk and gambol,  
 Or, in fell shapes, 'bout peat stacks ramble ;  
 Till doun the twall-hours bell crys clink,  
 Then aff a' wallop in a wink.

The deil to shades below retires,  
 The wives leg hame an' trim their fires.  
 An' sic like tales in clinking verse,  
 A barefoot Bard cou'd well rehearse.

'Cause he's nae skill'd in classic lorum,  
 For that, I'd fure the mair adore him ;  
 Nor will a Critic wreck his sense on  
 A youth, wha has fae sma' pretension.



## W O O L H A T.

Hech man I find I e'en maun yield,  
 You've reason'd well ; an' won the field ;  
 Sure there's nae Critics when they ken him,  
 Will suffer rattle-sculls to blame him,  
 He's sic a chield I'd like to please him,  
 May a rin hyte that mean to tease him.

I listn'd lang, they said nae mair,  
 But their confab sae eas'd my care,  
 That up I got, an' pray'd Apollo  
 To time it, either jig or solo.—

He shook his head in indignation ;  
 " I'm quite agham'd ; this generation  
 " Wou'd a' be *Poets, Dabs, an' Fiddlers,*  
 " Vain empty mortals, crazy middlers,  
 " That ken nae mair my valu'd arts,  
 " Their nicest touches, soothing parts,  
 " Than does an oyfter wench or cronnie,  
 " To personate a Macaroni.  
 " There's ane ca'd *Burns*, a Bard at Air,  
 " Got a the fire I weel cou'd spare ;  
 " Sae curb a wee your rhyming rage,  
 " For he'll reign Laureat of this age."

My face had got a scarlet dip,  
 Right fly'd was I, an' hang my lip;  
 But yet ance mair I beg'd his aid;  
 He gae a fidge and naithing faid,  
 I urg'd my cause wi' seeming zeal,  
 An' bad him mind my Beaver's tale.

All, faid I, are not Shakespeares born,  
 An' yet your badge have hunders worn;  
 Try me this ance, an' gin I fail  
 To tell wi' glee my hame spun tale,  
 I'll burn my pen, an' spill my ink,  
 An' spurn through life at crambo clink.

He look'd, he smil'd, an' fae did I,  
 Sin' you're fae fond (faid he) gae try;  
 " An' shou'd Parnassus brae be steep,  
 " Get on all four an' slowly creep;  
 " He that wou'd speel the braes o' rhyme,  
 " Maun stamp in tune, an' count the time;  
 " Due perseverance an' my aid,  
 " May mak' a deacon at the trade;



“ Puff, I inspire you wi’ this blast,  
“ The first pursue you’ve got the last.”

I try’d my skill, sae reader judge,  
But first thro’ every column trudge;  
Candour frae prejudice defend them,  
Let nane contemn, but wha can mend them.

Says an eminent Author.

*’Tis with our judgment as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.*

But of a great many it may be rendered thus.  
*But first what say the critics, or the crowd,  
With them I’ll join to curse, or praise aloud.*

---

T H E  
R O O D F A I R.

**W**AS there in Scotland ever seen  
Sic fairin' an' sic rantin',  
Sin' Allan's Chrif's-kirk on the green,  
A tale he weel might vaunt on,  
'Till in Mon'rofs there did convene,  
A core baith blyth an' wanton,  
When lads an' lassies neat an' clean,  
Came to the Rood Fair jauntin  
Fu' blyth that day.

II.

Lat's view the day before the Fair;  
When chapman lads do trot in,



And on the caufeway pushin' fair, \*  
 To birze out the Red Rotten ;  
 Wi' back to fide they push, they fwear,  
 While gauments far are fhout in  
 To keep their place, 'till dirt befmeare,  
 And rotten eggs play ftot in  
 Their lugs that day.

## III.

Stop here my mufe, but truths relate,  
 Nae mair the Rotton's prefs'd ;  
 That's but a tale o' antient date,  
 Which moderns now deteft:  
 That youth might not auld age defeat,  
 As each fought for the beft,  
 They tickets draw, but fhould ane cheat,  
 He's turn'd frae 'mang the reft,  
 Wi' fpite that day.

\* It was the cuftom in Montrofe till within thefe few years paft, for travelling merchants to convene on the ftreet, or in fome convenient place, the day before the fair: after arranging themfelves three men deep, each exerting his whole ftrength, by pushing againft one another, for the choice of their place, (the weakeft always got the worft). But that foolifh cuftom is now laid afide, and in its place is fubftituted the drawing of tickets.

IV.

Then on the morn ilk chapman loon  
Rears up his market shop,  
An' a' his gibbles louses down,  
Crys, " nane wi' mine can cop ;  
" For frae guid Glasgow, that braw town,  
" I brought them tight an' top,  
" They cost the Geordies red an' roun',  
" I swear by yon great fop  
Sae fine this day."

V.

Meg, Tib, an' limpin' Jenny Bell  
Gat first to town, I trow,  
But just as they came aff the Mell,  
Wi' a' their brows in view,  
Tib trip'd a foot an' o'er she fell ;  
Alas ! her gown was new !  
Twa score o' eggs she had to sell,  
Did throw her apron spew  
Fu' red that day.



VI.

Meg wi' a gullie scrap'd her gown,  
An' rub'd it weel wi' fegs ;  
Says Jenny, ne'er the apron own,  
Ye's get on mine, or Meg's.  
Quo' Tib, I've lost by that bafe town,  
My apron, gown, and eggs,  
But look, the dirt hough up has flown ;  
The lads will see my legs  
Sae black this day,

VII.

Then in they gaed to webster Ned,  
Wha by his shuttle flang,  
To see the cummers he was glad,  
But kend nae, Tib was wrang :  
Her cotties on a stool were laid,  
Her hose the lasses wrang,  
Tib hang her lip an' neathing said,  
Ned swore they smelt o' strang  
Right strong that day.

VIII.

They wash'd an' dry'd her duddies a',  
Ance mair she's clean an' snug,  
Her keek was white as driven snaw,  
Fit for the lads to tug;  
She lap like daft aboon them a',  
Nae mair her heart did ugg,  
But swore she'd be, (for a her fa')  
Kifs'd leal frae lug to lug  
Fu' sweet that day.

IX.

Down through the fair wi' kilted coats,  
White legs an' briskets bare,  
Ned's glafs had clean'd their face o' motts,  
An' sorted weel their hair.  
Says Meg, I'll wager twenty groats,  
My loof does youk fae fair,  
The heartsome lad that on me doats  
Will gi' me rantin' fair  
Fu' fine this day.



## X.

Belyve comes in frae the plow tail,  
 After the mornin' yokin',  
 Lads brisk an' sprush as bottl'd ale,  
 An' fouple as a maukin';  
 Young wanton chields just aff the flail,  
 Frae ev'ry corner flock in,  
 And young guid-men, fond, stark an' hale,  
 Thrang in to join the jokin'  
 Sae rife that day.

## XI.

Meg mak's a neck as lang's my leg,  
 An' sees the lads a' comin',  
 Says she, their taunts ne'er mind a fig,  
 But a' your courage summon:  
 The choice o' fair, frae them we'll beg,  
 Syne ale they'll gi's that's foamin',  
 When drink on them begins to feg,  
 They'll tak's to see the showman,  
 Rare fun this day.

XII.

" Hey lasses a', an' are ye there,"  
Quo' Rob, fyne gae a great laugh,  
" Right timeous ye've been i' the fair,  
" By peep o' day ye'd set aff;  
" What's i' your laps ye hod fae fair?  
" Lat's see, I'll wad it's nae draff;  
" Your filler ye've had time to ware,  
Ye've wyl'd the grain frae dry caff  
I'll wad' this day.

XIII.

Rob kifs ye your Tobacco dofs,  
O' compliments be sparein',  
'Tis good that taunts are fast as moss,  
Or taes wou'd aft get parin';  
But since I've got ye in Mon'rofs,  
Nae flinchin' gi's, nor rairin';  
Haste draw your purse, an' be nae crosfs,  
But gi's a hearty fairin'  
This Rood Fair day.



## XIV.

Rob tak's them to a sweety bench,  
 Where a' thing's fit for eatin';  
 But e'er their cravings got a stench,  
 His pulse fu' fair was beatin';  
 He swore his purse had got a launch,  
 An' in his heart was fretin',  
 A mou' like an ill washen paunch,  
 Or like a lammie bleatin',  
 He made that day.

## XV.

Tam rooses weel the letter'd cakes,  
 An' thinks 'tis the cheapest fair;  
 Right wantonly his purse he shakes,  
 Tho' little in't to spare;  
 Then out hail ha'f-a-merk he taks,  
 I wat he grudg'd it fair,  
 His pow then wi' his nails he rakes,  
 An' swore the fient haed mair  
 He'd draw that day.

XVI.

Ilk mou fu' fast began to mump,  
In mony an odd direction,  
Tib's teeth the sugar plums did crump,  
Without the least objection;  
Meg in her freaks dang out a stump,  
Wi' a d—n'd hard confection,  
Which made her loudly roar an' jump,  
To ilka fool's inspection  
Round them that day.

XVII.

Quo' Rob this e'en gin a' be right,  
We'll hae a winsome wallop  
At *Jobny Fute's* wi' glomin' light,  
Mind lasses a' to ca' up:  
There weel play'd nappie tart an' tight  
Ye's get till fit to haul up,  
While Sandy's \* bow wi' a his might,  
Out o'er the strings shall gallop  
Wi' vir this night.

\* A famous Scots Fidler.



XVIII.

The braw town dearies tak' their rout,  
Ilk laffack's busked fine,  
Tho' dim as ane ill washen clout,  
Their duddies gar them shine;  
When i' the fair they're mim an' mute,  
For fear good names they tyne,  
Yet in a corner ha'e nae doubt,  
But round the lads they'd twine  
Like eels that day.

XIX.

Ae lad frae out below the Ha'  
E'es Meggie wi' a glance,  
Then flylie round the stands he'll draw,  
An' meet as't were by chance;  
A while right blate he'll hum an' ha,  
Then start as frae a trance,  
To fair his lafs a heart he'll fhaw,  
Tho' he fhou'd leg to France,  
For want some day.

XX.

A hue an' cry soon fill'd the air,  
Some ran an' some were row'd,  
The Serjant swore by kirk an' fair  
That Rob had ta'en the gowd,  
Rob cry'd hae ye nae justice there,  
" It i' my pouch was stow'd,"  
He wrang his hands an' tore his hair,  
The lasses lap an' low'd  
Like nowt that day,

XXI.

Then aff Meg ran wi' heafy speed,  
Her heart gaed like a bell,  
She never stop'd till he was freed,  
But paid the smart hersel';  
E'en deeming it her dearest meed,  
She down the clink did tell;  
When free, Rab lap three elvant breed,  
An' kisses leal an' fneel  
Gae her that day.



## XXII.

A's now to rights, round gaes the vote  
 Gin they shou'd leave the fair,  
 Then lads an' lassies in a knot  
 To *Jobny Jute's* repair;  
 They canvas there the Serjant's plot,  
 Wha mean't their mirth to scare,  
 Then ale makes ilka lip to float,  
 Rare antidote 'gainst care  
 On sic a day.

## XXIII.

Meg fhaws a gown bought i' the fair  
 A lightsome milk an' water,  
 Tib fhaws a coat, she coft nae mair,  
 Her filler wad nae lat her.  
 Quo' Rob I bought, but deil may care,  
 Frae yon wee chield the *Hatter*,  
 A scull, made up o' Hawkie's hair,  
 Just baken thick wi' batter  
 An' black—some day.

XXIV.

The fidler tifted ilka string,  
Play'd tulloch ev'ry smite o't,  
When maufie wad nae loudly fmg,  
He gae his bow the wyte o't.  
Meg cry'd play up the bonny fpring,  
I winna name a byte o't,  
The pawkie loon gard the houfe ring  
Wi' hey the rare delight o't,  
Hale fcreed that night.

XXV.

Meg Lindfay lap, an' cnack'd her thums  
Nane fhaw'd a foot fae nimble,  
Till o'er her nofe the fwat in fooms,  
In pours began to tumble ;  
Quo' fhe, diel tak Italian ftrums,  
Stuff, till't I canna wamble,  
Screw weel your pins an' banifh hums  
To tulloch lat us ramble  
Wi' vir this night.



XXVI.

Then up lap wanton Willie Tod,  
An' capper'd like a stallion,  
His shoon wi' tacketts weel were shod,  
Which made a fearfu' rallion;  
On heartsome Kate he laid a load,  
O' kisses maist a million;  
Which gard her feet mistak' the road  
An' o'er, baith hip an' hollion.  
She fell that night.

XXVII.

Jock swore he'd dance wi' ony Scot  
'Tween Aberdeen an' Fa'kirk,  
Then throw the floor he gae a trot,  
Which shaw'd he was a blaw stirk;  
His legs he twisted in a knot,  
Till smack ane gae a sma' jirk,  
Then o'er he flypit like a sot,  
Which lay'd him up frae a' wark  
That rantin' Night.

XXVIII.

A mim mou'd maiden jimp an' spare,  
Which some ca's sawcey Nell,  
Mistook a fit for a' her care,  
An' wi' a haiches fell ;  
My faul says Jock, e'en lye ye there,  
Ye're pride has got a knell.  
Come billies liltit pair an' pair,  
I'll dance wi' Jenny Bell  
Like daft this night.

XXIX.

Quo' Tam M'Gill the Parson's man,  
Meg, ye maun dance wi' me,  
I'm nae the best, but as I can,  
I'll lilt it merrily ;  
Meg crook'd her mou', an gae a ban,  
“ Gae lilt wi' Meg M'Gie,  
“ Quit, or I'll brak' your harn-pan,  
“ The fient a hough I'll jie  
“ Wi' you this night.”

†

D



XXX.

“ Fair fa’ ye Kett ye thump it weel,  
Cry’d wanton Wil. the Millar,  
An’ prais’d her shape frae neck to heel,  
Till he wi’ pride did fill her;  
Tho’ he wou’d seen her at the deil,  
Had it nae been her filler;  
But that gard a’ his senses reel,  
Then cuz he clapit till her  
I’ the dark that night.

XXXI.

The fumes o’ whisk began to drive,  
Ilk head was like a feather,  
“ Troth lads, quo’ Jean, we’ll hame belyve,  
“ For here I dread a teather ”;  
Jock swore his head was like to rive,  
His wyme bent like a bleather;  
An’, Jenny Bell, wha cou’d describe!  
Her face was bleach’d like leather  
Ha’f tann’d that night.

XXXII.

The lawin's ca'd, ilk ane bangs out  
A leg length o' a purse,  
Rob shaws a consequential snout,  
An' bids the lads disburse;  
Ilk lass begins her back to lout,  
Her cotties a' to turse,  
Till garter height the neith'most clout,  
Is bang'd wi', awfu' force  
To tramp that night.

XXXIII.

Now see them stoitin' cheek for chow,  
Hameward each social pair,  
Till plump twa in a hole did row,  
A trick nae unco rare.  
Wi' love ilk heart began to low,  
Awa in heast flew care,  
They kifs'd and barter'd many a vow,  
An' ended the Rood Fair  
Wi' glee that night.  
D 2



---

T H E T W A

C A N A R Y B I R D S,

**T** H E Sun had just withdrawn his beams,  
And feeble sparks shot thro' the seams  
Of yonder dark'ning sky.  
The out-field labour was gi'en o'er,  
Ilk weary toiler to his bower  
For rest did hameward hie.

Scarce time to light the blazing torch,  
I lay reclin'd within the porch,  
And snuff'd the evening breeze,  
The lowing herd had home-ward trode,  
The feather'd choir took their abode  
Aloft among the trees.

All hush around on every side,  
I heard a sound which smooth did glide,  
With sweet meand'ring, ben,  
When turning where I heard the voice,  
I saw its source, then did rejoice  
It was my Cock and Hen.

Tho' in a gilded cage confin'd,  
Secure from want, the hen repin'd,  
And mourn'd their hapless lot.  
" Ah! could we roam in yonder sky,  
She droop'd her head: the cock's reply  
Came thro' his warbling throat.

" Forbear to mourn my lovely bride,  
" Thour't my exulting heart's sole pride,  
" Tho' freedom is deny'd.



“ As the 'lone partner of thy woe,

“ I here engage to undergo

“ Whate'er may thee betide.

“ Tho' we invoke our master's aid,

“ And be by force no longer stay'd,

But skim yon empty air ;

“ Think on the dangers we might run,

“ Tho' sent to soar from pole to fun,

Sweet freedom's bliss to share.

“ How oft the birds of lesser size,

“ Tho' free to skim in yonder skys,

“ Or sport on yonder heath,

“ Their wanton flight's soon at an end,

“ When Hawk or Glede does downward bend

“ To stop their final breath.

“ Remember how in days of old,

“ The subtle serpent was so bold,

“ As broke thro' laws divine.

“ Who's wiles brought to that fatal place,

“ The first of all the human race,

“ To forfeit that blest'd clime.

- " Some dæmon may in subtle guise,  
" Thus serpent-like delude your eyes  
    " With fruit sweet to the taste :  
" Forbear my love, rebellion spurn,  
" Lest you like them be made to mourn,  
    " When out from Eden cast.  
" Here, we have all the sweets of life,  
" Free from all bustle, plague and strife,  
    " Our master to us kind.  
" Each day with feed our box he'll fill ;  
" And water from yon purling rill,  
    " We'll in our bottle find.  
" Why then should we bemoan our fate,  
" Or grieve at this imprison'd state ;  
    " 'Tis black ingratitude,  
" Melodious notes I will impart,  
" To sooth thine, and my master's heart,  
    " He ne'er will use us rude."  
" Kind consolation thou hast given,  
" And from my heart all sorrow driven,"  
    The hen in rapture crys.



" Where'er thou goest my heart is thine,

" Nor shall I e'er again repine,

" Yet liberty I prize."

C O C K.

How blest'd are we, my charming fair,

While here we rest devoid of care,

When once compar'd with man!

Look down with an attentive eye,

And scan these looks, \* or hear that sigh,

And there thou see'st but one.

Perhaps he mourns a faithless fair,

Who long had sooth'd his every care,

But now, alas! unkind;

Or sing'd one frae out the throng,

Who disregards his genial song,

And breakes his peace of mind.

Or mourns a friend ungrateful turn'd,

Whose heart strings for his weel once burn'd,

But now, alas! forgot;

\* The Author sitting in a thoughtful posture.

Or heaves a sigh for one more dear,  
Who cruel death did from him tear  
On whom he us'd to doat.

Or transitory joys he'll scan,  
That oft decoy the heart of man,  
Yet leave a sting behind.  
Great numbers more, I might impart,  
Of ills that haunt the human heart,  
And vainly rack the mind.

Here let us join a mutual strain,  
Till shrilling notes ascending gain  
The vaulted azure sky.  
Our maker's praise I'll gladly sing,  
My master's ears shall daily ring  
With, *mortal man must die.*

Let mutual love our hearts engage,  
Fly jealousy, from this our cage,  
Thou foe to social joy.  
If we're with young blest'd from above,  
Fair images of thee my love,  
I'll watch that nought annoy.

† E



Enough reply'd the faithful hen,

“ Were constancy as strong in men,

“ How were the females blest'd !

“ Thy song shall ever glad my ear,

“ With thee I'll rest devoid of fear,

“ Then mutually embrac'd.”

The scene my heart did so engage,

I flew in raptures to the cage,

To join the happy pair.

But oh, alas ! my suit they spurn'd,

Quick to the other side they turn'd,

Their love I could not share.

Vain man I cry'd,

Thy suit's deny'd ;

Fond wishes oft miscarry,

For such a mate,

I'd change my state

And be a blest'd canary.

T H E  
D E I L's R E P L Y  
T O  
R O B E R T B U R N S.

To the Reader.

*Ye'll nae doubt reader think it odd,  
That I shou'a leave my black abode,  
Or at sic stuff the Deil shou'd spurn,  
As yon address frae Robert Burn;  
I'll tell you plainly as 'tween brithers,  
Deils like a name as weel as ithers.*

**Y**E'LL, Bardie on me lay your tauntin',  
In conscience blade ye are right wanton,  
Tent weel, or ye'll some hour come rantin'

To my black pit;  
E 2



When wine or brandy ye're decantin'  
In drunken fit.

Dog, Cloots, ye ca' me, eke auld Nick,  
And Hornie, which my heart does prick,  
At names fell rough ye dinna stick,  
Wer't nae my branks  
Tho' a Scots Bard, I'd gar you lick  
My red het thanks.

But billie when ye tak' your pen,  
Write ye on lasses, wives, or men;  
Tho' you a lift the Muse did len  
Scots rhyme to gi',  
In case ye e'er come to my den  
Let deils abee.

Ance on a dreary winter night,  
Ye say frae me ye gat a fright,  
When a rash bush stood i' your fight,  
In it a drake,  
Enough to fear a cow'rdly wight,  
Or drunken rake.

Your granny's tales, ye've nae doubt heard,  
Lang e'er your chafts did brook a beard;  
That I my head on castles rear'd

Whose walls were broke,  
An' wi' an elritch tone aft sneer'd  
To fright poor fou'k.

Wi' modern gab ye're nae content,  
On bible tales ye maun comment,  
Ye say I biles and blotches sent,  
On man of Uz;  
An' gard his wife's tongue him torment  
Wi' awfu' buz.

Ye blame me fair for Adam's fa',  
An' say I near had ruin'd a',  
Fool gowk, nae better I'll ye ca',  
But witlefs chield;  
True zeal, ilk ane for trade does shaw  
Sae does the deil.

Gin Hawkie shou'd her milk but los,  
Wi' eating poison'd blades, or dross;



Or shou'd her paunch for want, grow bofs,  
Or lake o' cheer,  
A witch, the guide-wife says, right cros  
Or deil's been here.

Wi' water kelpies, me ye taunt,  
On icy boards ye say they rant ;  
An' Williy's wisp wi' whirlin' cant  
Their blazes ca',  
That's nought but vapours frae a stank,  
Yet fears ye a.'

Ye vain deluded mortals, hear  
Ae question, an' nae mair I'll speer ;  
D'ye think that Mafon's gab can rear  
Me at their pleasure,  
Fool simple gowk, ye gar me sneer,  
They've nae sic treasure.

If ony chield tir'd o' his life,  
Shou'd end his days wi' rope or knife,  
In ilka mou' it wou'd be rife  
In house or biel',

A dæmon fure bred a' the strife,  
Or me, the deil.

When northern fough fills the lum head,  
An' awfu' wark it maks indeed,  
Auld granny rares wi' scripture screed  
Some Godly theme,  
'Mang a' the rest it is decreed  
The deil's to blame.

Ae chield bangs up amang the rest,  
Wha thought his head cou'd stand the test,  
First gae a glowr then did protest,  
The diel he saw,  
In the tree head he's yonder plac'd  
As black's a crow.

It's now some thousand years, an' mair  
Since I was tofs'd down yon lang stair,  
An' aften since, I've suffer'd fair ;  
What can I help it ?  
But now wi' your curst rhyming ware  
I'm fairly skelpit



To brand my name in Scottish rhyme,  
Ye hae baith spent your ink an' time;  
An' gard your stuff, pox tak' ye, chime

At my expence;

I'lk deed I do, ye mak' a crime

O' deep offence.

Hence forward gin e'er bum or low  
Of rhyming trash come frae your pow,  
To hurt my name, I'll shaw ye how

I ferve sic tricks;

Ye'd better toil hard at the plow,

Than feel my kicks.

But rhyming chield be rul'd by me,  
An' let ye deils an' dæmons be,  
Or faith in time, I'll let you see,

(That I shou'd ban);

In your ain coin I'll pay your fee,

Sae write on man.

But fare ye well ye Air-Shire Bard,  
What I have said's but your reward,  
Yet your last verse has almost gard  
My heart relent ;  
Past deeds I fear wou'd me retard,  
I'll ne'er repent.



RURAL HAPPINESS.  
TO A  
YOUNG FRIEND,  
ON HIS LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

*Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vail of life,  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.*

GRAY.

**F**AREWELL dear amiable youth,  
God speed your blind adventure,  
And fill your mind with love and truth,  
When foreign lands you enter.

Features a change may undergo,  
Long absence may deceive us,  
But of that true and heart felt glow,  
No time shall e'er bereave us.

II.

Where now these social youthful hours,  
When care our breasts ne'er enter'd ;  
While round we play'd these peaceful bowers,  
Where happiness was center'd ?  
Alas ! they're fled and we no more  
Shall view these scenes of pleasure,  
Fate wafts you to a distant shore,  
In search of earthly treasure.

III.

Ah ! view dear youth each maze of life,  
Scan ilk denomination ;  
The great you'll find maist prone to strife,  
For sure they've maist temptation ;



Nor think that riches e'er insure  
A happy state untainted.  
For ilka purse we can procure,  
Another care's presented.

IV.

View yonder cot o'erlaid wi' thatch,  
No lordling there presideth,  
You'll find by op'ning of its latch,  
There happiness abideth ;  
Health rosy health, like May-day morn,  
On every cheek you'll find.  
But what does more this spot adorn,  
The virtues of each mind.

V.

The parent pair grow old apace,  
Link'd in each others arms,  
Now both enjoy a sweet solace,  
Tho' baulk'd of youthful charms ;

Mindful that blooming beauty's glow  
Sat mantled on each cheek ;  
It makes them vie, who most can show  
A mind serene and meek.

VI.

All day he tries wi' labour fair,  
To please a master's eye,  
And makes his charge his only care,  
Altho' his Lord's not nigh.  
Well pleas'd his mild employer views  
His vigilance, then orders  
To 'ford him sap, a cow he'll chuse  
To pick around his borders.

VII.

Night's sweet approach recalls him home  
To taste domestic pleasure,  
His long lov'd virtuous cleanly dame  
Steps out to meet her treasure ;  
The mutual glow starts in each face,  
Their loves anew are plighted ;



He locks her in his fond embrace,  
The wee things stand delighted.

## VIII.

Phœbus his exit scarce had made,  
But feebly glanc'd around,  
The cottager wi' hoe and spade,  
Prepares to till the ground ;  
His wee kail yard employs his care,  
When day's hard labour's o'er ;  
Perhaps an hour he has to spare,  
Regardless of a shower.

## IX.

The golden orb withdraws his aid,  
The young things trodlin' rin,  
T' announce th' approach of their dear dadd,  
Wi' smiles he's welcom'd in.  
The board contains baith bread and cheese,  
Clean halefome ale, tho' sma' ;  
Sic cheer ne'er fails his heart to please,  
And sweet emotions draw.

X.

While round the fire the younglins creep,  
Content on every side,  
Ane asks his father wi a cheep,  
He on his knee may ride.  
Ane rins to bear the blinkin' light,  
Till hawkie fill her cogue,  
Ane trims the fire to blaze fu' bright,  
Ane does the cradle fhogue.

XI.

Maggie links on the porritch broo,  
An' lilt some cheery sang,  
While Johny cobbles up his shoe,  
Wi' tackets large and lang ;  
When done he tunes his win'some reed,  
The wee things loup and prance,  
Each teets to see wha's takin' head,  
To their braw untaught dance.

XII.

The halefome porritch grace the board,  
Ilk wee thing has its coggie,



The sap that hawkie does afford,  
Reams in a wooden loggie ;  
The happy pair rejoice to see  
Their sprouts around them plac'd,  
And pray that lang their board may be,  
Thus wi' their offspring grac'd.

XIII.

Nature supply'd, the loving pair  
Undress their little brood,  
Thankful for heav'ns peculiar care,  
In sending them their food ;  
The wee things lull'd in peaceful sleep,  
The matchless pair begin  
To thank the God who does them keep,  
Or mourn a world in sin.

XIV.

Adam's degen'racy they mourn  
That fatal source of woe,  
How he at God's command did spurn,  
And lost that genial glow.

They view their maker's matchless love,  
Tho' man ungrateful turn'd,  
The promise great sent from above,  
Who once on earth sojourn'd.

XV.

Then kneeling down in fervent prayer,  
To God their wants make known,  
Thankful for that omniscient care,  
He to their wants had shown.  
Heartfelt untainted strains they breathe,  
Pure unaffected lays,  
That he their household wou'd from skaith,  
Preserve in after days.

XVI.

That when they've run their earthly course,  
Freed from a world of care,  
Heaven, they may find a sweet resource,  
And all its blessings share.  
Then to their couch for rest they creep,  
Pure virtue's there untainted,



No town-disease retards their sleep,  
No mellifon's there vented.

XVII.

Ah! wou'd the lordlings tak' a peep  
Of happiness below,  
Let them to this wee cottage creep,  
Where nature's self does flow ;  
No cares corrode their peaceful breast,  
None's prodigal of time,  
Each in his little station plac'd,  
Thinks negligence a crime.

XVIII.

Then ne'er dear youth at fortune frown,  
Tho' she forsake your bower,  
No gen'rous heart will e'er disown  
A noble foul, tho' poor.  
The humble peasant sure is blest'd  
Compar'd wi pompous state,  
His cares are few, if he's carest'd  
By his lov'd humble mate,

XIX.

But view his lordship's haughty dame,  
Puff'd up wi' pride an' scorn,  
All night he counts debauch his theme,  
All day wi' care she's torn.  
Mind then dear youth 'tis in the heart,  
To make ilk bitter sweet,  
And pave for that more noble part,  
A compensation meet.



A

YOUTH'S FAREWELL,  
ON HIS LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

*On what strange grounds we build our hopes and  
fears,*

*Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark,*

*Our fortunes meet us.*

DRYDEN.

**F**AREWELL thou transient scenes of joy,  
My native soil adieu ;  
Tho' I should roam in distant climes,  
My heart shall rest with you.

II.

Thou parent spot where oft I've stray'd,  
E'er fortune deign'd to frown ;  
Alas ! I leave thy peaceful shade,  
To search out cares unknown.

III.

What are these golden glitt'ring toys ?  
What worth do they contain ?  
That with them blest'd, mankind should  
prize,  
Those whom they'd else disdain.

IV.

When fortune smil'd, I favour found ;  
But now the steps I tread,  
Are deem'd by them unhallow'd ground,  
Because blind fortune's fled.

V.

E'er long these northern blasts shall waft  
Me, to a clime unknown ;



To seek what here I was deny'd,  
Tho' seeds of wealth were sown.

VI.

Some may in pleasure's lap seem blest'd,  
Where plenty gilds the scene,  
Yet oft these very joys we see,  
Turn out a deadly bane,

VII.

Prize what accords to sooth your care,  
Health competence and peace,  
Ye'll then each jeering frown despise,  
The false deceiving race,

VIII.

None can foresee what fate decrees ;  
That gift is hid from all,  
In life a friend\* may prove your shield,  
But in his death your fall.

\* It was the death of a friend, made the youth leave his native soil.

IX.

Man's thread is short and apt to break,  
Why then on riches given ;  
Its pursuits but corrode the heart,  
And wean the soul from heaven.

X.

The outmost verge of human bliss,  
No age could e'er display,  
Alternately the woes of life,  
And pleasures bend their way.



A

PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN IMITATION OF *SHENSTONE*.

**Y**E shepherds attend to my tale,  
And mourn, for Maria is gone,  
Each zephyr and soft blowing gale,  
In compassion give ear to my song.

II.

Here a shepherd, forlorn I mourn,  
Depress'd with the clouds of despair  
In solitude, ev'ry return  
Of each day but increases my care.

III.

Why was it ordain'd I should stray,  
On the soft mossy banks of the Esk?  
Where lambkins do wantonly play,  
And their dams in the Sun-beams do bask.

IV.

No more will I 'tend these few sheep,  
My pipe and my crook I'll forsake,  
In wild dreams she appears when I sleep,  
But she's gone from my sight when I 'wake.

V.

If I view the sweet scenes of our youth,  
When Innocence taught us to love,  
When a frown or a gentle reproof,  
As a check to fond passion did prove.

VI.

How pleasant the moments would glide!  
When Maria as fair as the morn,



From morning to night by my side,  
The banks of the Esk did adorn.

VII.

Sweet garlands of flowers I oft wove,  
To deck my lov'd shepherdess' hair,  
The bloom of the rose from the grove,  
Soon vanish'd when plac'd near my fair.

VIII.

She talk'd and my heart did o'erflow,  
Each word so enchanted my ear,  
Her cheeks as the crimson did glow,  
Where artifice ne'er had a share.

IX.

Why lov'd I a maiden so fair,  
So gentle so true and so kind?  
How could she do less than endear,  
When possess'd of each grace of the mind?

X.

Maria was bright as the day,  
That peeps from yon clear op'ning sky,

She'll ne'er on these banks again stray;  
To view my flocks as they pass by.

XI.

Ye maidens, your pastimes forbear,  
With willows adorning each brow,  
And drop on her grave a soft tear,  
Who was constant, was kind, and was true;

XII.

Her grave with the Jessamine flower,  
I'll deck as an emblem of love;  
While mourning shall fill my lone bower  
Forlorn, as the plaints of the dove.



O D E  
TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN *during a FIT of SICKNESS.*

*When raging fevers boil the blood,  
The standing lake soon floats into a flood :  
And every hostile humour, which before,  
Slept quiet in its channel, bubbles o'er.*

DRYDEN.

O ! Thou, the nymph with chearful sparkling eyes,  
Whom pleasure's thoughtless sons too oft despise ;  
Who canst at once this shatter'd frame release,  
From the harsh tyranny of dire disease !

Ah ! do not imitate the selfish throng,  
Who, when our fortune lours, glide swift a-  
long,  
Nor strive the hours of sorrow to beguile,  
But fly from him once welcom'd with a  
smile.

Depriv'd of thee sweet health, ah ! what avail  
The hero's pride, the poet's love sick tale ;  
By thee forefaken, music's charms are vain ;  
Music can bring no anodyne to pain.  
Their hopes are blasted who expect to find  
Thee, lovely maid, on down of ease reclin'd.

The ruddy offspring of the Hamlet tell,  
Beneath the thatch-clad roof, thou lov'st to  
dwell,

In gentle dreams their chearful fancies play,  
Whilst sleep repairs the labours of the day ;  
Unlike the victims to fell luxury's shrine ;  
A languid race, who all the morn repine,



Then haste, impatient to the festive board,  
 There, listless loll, till by debauch o'er-  
                   pow'r'd;

Or gorg'd with dainties, home are senseless  
                   led,

And helpless, children-like are put to bed.

To nature's aid sleep for a while oft flies,  
 But luxury's fons sleep loves to tantalize;  
 With dreadful dreams she strives to fire their  
                   brain,

Alarm'd they start, and fear to sleep again,  
 Till on their feeble powers once more she steals,  
 But ah! what pangs the luckless victim feels.

Within the gloomy church-yard's narrow cell,  
 With horrid loathsome forms seems doom'd  
                   to dwell,

Or 'long some narrow pass he seems to creep,  
 And views beneath the horrors of the deep,  
 Where seas with seas, for victory contend,  
 And dashing 'gainst the rocks, their waves  
                   ascend.

In vain for aid he calls, no aid is nigh,  
 The more he strives the less his power to fly,  
 Then parch'd with thirst he wakes; the vi-  
 sion's o'er,  
 But real ills succeed to fancy's pow'r,  
 Till cordial draughts relieve him from his  
 pain,  
 Then hastes to court disease and death again.

Kind nature's bounties are not thus repaid  
 By those who grasp the plough or wield the  
 spade.  
 Theirs is the firm knit nerve, the chearful  
 mind,  
 Which makes them to their humble lot re-  
 sign'd;  
 Keen appetite which seasons ev'ry meal,  
 Bestows that relish monarchs seldom feel.  
 Come then sweet health do thou my foot steps  
 guide,  
 To where the stream or softly flowing tide,



The grateful foil with gentle moisture laves,  
Not with proud ocean's loud high curling  
waves ;

But where the level flower-enamell'd green,  
Spreading around a gay horizon's seen ;  
To thy soft laws I'll chearfully resign,  
With grateful homage bending to thy shrine.

O D E.

ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1789.

**I**N tears near a murm'ring cascade,  
Britannia her George did bewail,  
His deeds at her feet on a parchment were laid,  
while she mournfully breath'd her sad tale.

II.

To Jove her hard fate she made known,  
His virtues enroll'd she carefs'd,  
The God heard her 'plaint, he look'd down  
from his throne,  
And gave orders her wrongs be redrefs'd.

III.

Hygiea accepted the charge,  
To earth in an instant she flew,

† I



Britannia forbear, soon thy joys I'll enlarge,  
In presenting him whole to your view.

IV.

Now Britons he lives, and he reigns,  
Ascribe the great cause to high Jove,  
Who saw from above all your griefs and his  
pains,  
And restor'd him again to your love.

---

T H E  
G A N D E R   A N D   G O O S E .

A F A B L E .

*Trust not yourself; but your defects to know  
Make use of every friend and every foe,  
Good nature and good sense must ever join,  
To err is human to forgive divine.*

POPE.

**A** Gander once frae out the flock,  
A helpmate chose to raise a stock,  
Lang had he strove with flatt'ring art,  
To gain his lov'd his charmer's heart.



At length less coy she grew, and own'd  
 His well try'd love had favour found.  
 A mutual flame did long subsist,  
 Till they wi' store o' young were bless'd,  
 His offspring he wi' joy caress'd,  
 And to his breast their dam he press'd

Imploring, Jove his aid wou'd lend,  
 To bless his brood and plenty send.  
 In offspring soon so rich he grew,  
 That children's children he cou'd view.

While thus she liv'd his darling pet,  
 Her laughter's laid with which she's set.

But lucky wi' a hand right flee,  
 O' duck eggs shot in twa or three,  
 The Goose saw, and allow'd the fraud,  
 For dread, the fient a dread she had.  
 Swift flew the time in kind caressing,  
 Till birds the shells, began a pressing,

The mothers skill is all exerted,  
Out pops the head the shell's deserted,  
Wi' joy the father runs to see,  
The increase of his family,  
But ah ! he starts he stares an' crys,  
" What Phantom strikes my jealous eyes !

" Has she wha in the bloom of youth,  
" Preserv'd her honour and her truth,  
" When riper years has lent mair sence,  
" Been guilty of a foul offence ?  
" My heart with anguish so is tofs'd,  
" To see you thus exulting boast,

" In training up your bastard brood ;  
" But for this deed so black an' rude,  
" I'll break at once the ties of nature,  
" And plunge in death the willful traitor,  
    With that he seized her by the throat,  
Then instant death became her lot.

Now perish ! was his dreadful cry ;  
Who live as thieves, like thieves shou'd die.



Auld lucky tented well the fray,  
 An' ran to snatch her goose away,  
 Till she shou'd prove the whole that pass'd,  
 But ah ! her goose had breath'd her last,  
 " Vile wretch said she what cou'd you move,  
 " Thus to condemn before you prove ?  
 " Let deep remorse your portion be,  
 " The eggs I stow'd, your mate was free.

He heard her tale then starts an' crys,  
 Curs'd jealousy did blind my eyes,  
 The fact so glaring was to me,  
 To doubt, no room their seem'd to be,  
 This deed my wretched heart doth wound,  
 But ah ! too late the truth I've found.

Thus said he call'd his offspring near,  
 His last an dying words to hear,  
 Alas said he, view here your mother,  
 Her like you'll ne'er find in another,  
 See too thy Sire, with anguish hurl'd,  
 In deep remorse from this vain world,

And learn by this my fate to see,  
The dire effects of jealousy,  
Farewell all sorrow, welcome death,  
He groaning yielded up his breath.

M O R A L.

TOO oft vain man, is this your plan,  
E'er reason proves the fact,  
'T might sooth your pain, wou'd you but  
    deign,  
To think before you act,



A  
M O R N I N G S C E N E

**N**OW mounts aloft with airy flight,  
 And radiant beams, yon lamp of light,  
 Whose friendly smiles dart down apace,  
 To gladden all the human race.  
 They who oft shrink to meet their doom,  
 Eas'd for a while from midnight gloom,  
 With pleasure view the fiery glare,  
 Whose morning peep dispels their care,  
     With joy they cry,  
     Yon opening sky,

Displays a scene, how bright it is !  
Each baleful fight,  
Is gone with night ;  
Each gloom dispel'd, how light it is !

II.

The tim'rous stranger now may roam,  
Along the streets tho' far from home ;  
In peaceful steps secure from harm,  
Nor dread the dire affassin's arm ;  
But hail wi' joy the smiling morn,  
And see the golden rays adorn  
Ilk mountain top, whilst op'ning day  
Bids him no more his course delay.

In ambling pace,  
A path he'll trace ;  
Whose lonely verge, no fright it is,  
He'll for his guide,  
In heaven confide,  
And joy to see how light it is.



## III.

The miser still on gain intent,  
 To his lov'd mammon having sent  
 The warm effusions of his mind,  
 On his hard couch a while reclin'd,  
 Wild starting at each slight alarm,  
 To guard his darling gold frae harm.  
 His head upon his bags he lays,  
 Whilst in short dreams his fancy strays;

In sleep he'll soar,  
 'Long India's shore;  
 To him a pleasing sight it is,  
 The vision flies,  
 He starts, an' crys,  
 I've lost an hour, how light it is!

## IV.

The mind deprav'd, the sceptic heart,  
 Views nature and each noble art  
 As chance, "why dam'me bucks you know,  
 "Religion, pshaw, 'tis all a show,

“ A blind man’s leap, a vain delusion,  
“ A Priest-craft-cant, wi’ nought t’amuse ane,  
“ We’ll to the Inn, for cards an’ drinking  
“ Are life, while Cits are praying, thinking.”

Where from debauch,  
Of cut and catch,  
To part the core a fight it is ;  
But when they spy,  
The fun so high,  
O d—n the cards how light it is !

V.

But view the youth whose steps are taught  
The heavenly path, whose heart is fraught  
Wi’ joys the sceptic ne’er can know,  
(Whose grov’ling hopes are pomp and show)  
Views earth, and all its gay array,  
As the vain glories of a day,  
What heaven has sent he’ll freely use  
Wi’ joy, but that he’ll ne’er abuse.

The sacred page,  
His thoughts engage,



Each gospel truth how bright it is!  
Through life he'll glide,  
His God his guide,  
A virtuous heart how light it is !

VI.

When dim the eyes begin to wink,  
And nature's wheels through age to sink ;  
From Fate's rough path, scarce fit to steer,  
Infeebld by their long career ;  
Worn out wi' care, fatigue, and woe,  
The drooping Sage, serene an' slow  
Bends on, still spinning out his thread,  
Till heaven announce his time's decreed ;  
Fulfill'd his charge,  
On death's last verge ;  
His hopeful soul how light it is,  
Then ask him why  
He'd wish to die,  
" To gain yon crown, for bright it is."

---

E P I S T L E

TO A

F R I E N D,

**L**ET Matrons round the ingle meet,  
An' join for whisk' their mous to weet,  
An' in a droll auld farran' leet,  
                  'Bout fairys crack;  
Wha us'd to rant fell keen an' fleet,  
                  Round stook an' stack.



Let rantin billys twig the string,  
An' for the tither mutchkin ring,  
Till fumes o' whisk some lilt will bring,  
To chear the heart ;  
Enthusiastics then will sing,  
Sangs rough an' smart.

Gie' me just paper, pen an' ink,  
A wee bit fire, a candle's blink,  
Fu' cheery o'er a drap sma' drink,  
The night I'll spend ;  
If favour'd wi' Apollo's wink,  
To write my friend.

Tak' this then, as the Muse directs ;  
Be't tightly ty'd, or be't complex,  
The churlish hizzy aft does vex,  
An' crows me fair ;  
An' like that dear, but changefu' sex,  
Breeds meikle care.

The changefu' sex, weel may I say it,  
For fause they've prov'd, they weel can play it.

The foundstane, mother Eve did lay it  
E'er scarce created,  
And wi' her fast engaging gait ;  
Made mortals hated.

Yet Sandy lad teet round and fee,  
There's o' them sweet, as sweet can be ;  
A tender heart, a blinkin' e'e,  
And shape fu' comely  
Gars life glide o'er replete wi' glee,  
In stations homely.

A blinkin' fire, an' kindly smile,  
Frae her wha can the hours beguile,  
Wi' just enough to fair the while,  
We're station'd here,  
Will gar life's days scud rank and file,  
In keen career.

How blest'd is he that to his mind,  
Has got a wifie calm and kind,  
That to his wish will hape or winde,  
Soothing each care.



The sweet conubial tye she'll bind,  
Wi' pledges fair.

What maks sic din in mony a nook,  
What gars in wrath sic faces crook,  
Some but to weighty purfes look,  
Nor mind each feature,  
Tho' shes fet down in nature's book,  
A hatefu' creature.

What then is gowd if love be scant,  
Ane may indeed of riches vaunt,  
Yet in the heart, how great's the want ;  
And then her din,  
May gar him aft wi' ithers rant,  
A double fin.

But ah! when twa young hearts agree,  
Love darting pure frae ilka e'e,  
Tis there the joy of joys can be,  
Hame seems a heaven ;  
Shou'd features fade, friendship you'll see,  
Maks a' thing even.

Some love the grape, some food are needing,  
Some on the Devil's books, are reading,  
While some their neighbours names are screed-  
ing,

In hatefu' classes,  
For me, just set my eyes a feeding  
On bonny lasses.

But love, a' feel it mair or less,  
Some love the pose, some love the dress,  
But first the heart and syne the face,  
Shou'd us elate,  
'Tho' aft the latter proves a glafs,  
O' deep deceit.

But lad when ye set out to woo,  
And by your beard 'tis time I trow,  
Wyle well for gin ye hap to rue,  
What can be worse?  
There's nought but twa can you rescue,  
Death, and divorce.

Ne'er price a weardless, wanton elf,  
That nought but pricks and prins herself,



Wha's like a dally drawn on delf,  
Or china ware,  
Fit but to grace a cupboard skelf,  
And fient haed mair.

Gin she but bring a wee bit tocher,  
And calshie fortune deign to snocher,  
Just bid her work, but na, fient hough her,  
Her head it dizzies,  
She'll tell you wark was made for rougher  
And abler hizzies.

Or wi' a consequential grace,  
She'll tell you plainly to your face,  
'Tis nought to her whate'er your case,  
She plenty brought.  
Preserve me heaven frae sic a race,  
Curs'd cutting thought.

Wyle ye a lassie steeve and fwank,  
Wi' kindly heart and shapely shank,  
Tho' fortune to her's prov'd a blank,  
clap cozie till her.

Gae hand in hand, ye'll brag high rank,  
Or heaps o' filler.

May ye shun ilk alluring net,  
An', heaven-directed, meet your fate,  
A lively, lovely, thrifty pet,  
E'en forc'd to prize her ;  
Nor dree sae fause a first out fet,  
As the adviser.



T O M Y

A U L D B L U E C O A T .

**E**'EN hing ye there, an' grace the house,  
Tho' cob-webs on you stand,  
True blue, a colour grave an' douce,  
May fuit the haly band.  
First when the Billie, snap-the-louse,  
Got you into his hand,  
The lown nae doubt did brak' the truce,  
An' clip'd the eight command  
Fu' deep that night.

II.

E'en be it fae, what need me care,  
My back ye fitted brawly,  
Sure a' your clippins I cou'd spare,  
Why on the Taylor rally.  
But oh! dear cottie ye cou'd tell,  
As ye hing on the naily,  
How many Ills on me befel,  
When ye did hap my taily  
Yon rantin night.

III.

Wi' you I've been at kirk an' fair,  
An' aft I've tash'd ye fairly,  
As lang's your threadies were nae bare,  
Ye craving kept out rarely;  
But when your skin, for want o' hair  
Did shaw itsel' fae barely,  
I nae doubt thought it was but fair,  
To gar the taylor carlie  
Turn ye ae night.



IV.

Ye then for him was a bare mure,  
He cou'd nae get a parein',  
For had he try'd, the *blade* was sure,  
The fact wou'd been owre glarin'.  
For seam to seam he then boot few,  
He nae doubt cou'd put mair in,  
But he remembered when new,  
He got a hearty share in  
Your web that night.

V.

When ye cam back right braw was ye,  
Of you I then was vogie,  
The neighbour chields ay hang on me,  
Till I shou'd pay a coggie;  
Then lip an' cap join'd heartily,  
Tho' ye was but a roguie,  
Ye pafs'd for new in ilka e'e,  
Sae weel I fill'd the coggie  
That heartsome night.

VI.

Ance mair ye made a gallant shift,  
To haud out cauld an' cravin',  
But now a days claith's lost that gift,  
The wivers fure are ravin'.  
Ilk taylor loun I'd set a drift,  
O' thread they are fae sparín';  
Yet claith an' seams o' you bode thrift,  
An' will prevent the rarein',  
O' poinding night.

VII.

Sae thieves an' robbers I'll ne'er care,  
Tho' ye join in a knot  
To riddle me o' warl's gear,  
That's trash I value not.  
But when ye rant ye ay tak' mair,  
Than what is yours by lot;  
Sae tak' the pose, to me but spare  
My credit an' my coat  
That thieving night.



DAMON'S COMPLAINT.

A

PASTORAL BALLAD.

**A**LONE in an arbour was laid,  
Young Damon the pride of the dale ;  
While carelessly wrap'd in his plaid,  
His fighs fill'd each neighbouring vale.

II.

Ah ! faithless bewitching dear maid,  
How oft have you lull'd me to sleep ;  
And turn'd my small charge when they stray'd,  
Yet left me to murmur and weep !

III.

Can he who now reigns in your heart,  
More sweet, soothing pleasures bestow ?  
Or has he a soul to impart  
More love than I lavish'd on you ?

IV.

What though he can boast of more gold,  
And drive larger teams to the field ;  
Must the heart of my Phoebe be sold ?  
Must affection to avarice yield ?

V.

But ah ! 'tis in vain to complain,  
Or mourn at the fate's hard decree ;

†

M



The winds only hear my sad strain,  
The winds are more gentle than she.

VI.

Ambition sure taught her to stray,  
And lonely thus leave me to mourn;  
The hours that soft glided away,  
Are gone and shall never return.

VII.

My flocks in some lonely retreat,  
Still bleating unheaded shall stray,  
With willows I'll deck me a seat,  
And list to the Philomel's lay.

VIII.

Till worn out with grief and despair,  
I'll forget every youthful fond scene,  
And all that my heart has held dear,  
Shall seem as it never had been.

---

ON TAKING UP A

D Y I N G B I R D.

**A**LAS! poor warbler, you no more shall  
roam

In empty air, your wanton flights are stay'd;  
From man's relentless hand you got your doom,  
While careless through the atmosphere you  
stray'd.

Your little fluttering heart shall cease to beat;  
These agonizing pangs that rack your breast  
Shall soon give o'er, and then your last retreat  
Shall purchase an eternity of rest.



II.

How blest'd sweet bird! your destiny is known,  
No future doubts corrode your bleeding  
heart,

Down to your mother earth you'll soon be  
thrown,

With kindred clay you'll mix, no more to  
part.

How blest'd your state, when mortals fate we  
view!

On earth, impending ills on all await ;  
When call'd to take our awful last adieu,  
We shrink with horror, doubtful of our fate.

III.

Farewell faint warbler, now your languid eye  
Tho' dim, bespeaks serenity of mind,  
Ah ! could I learn like you, resign'd to die,  
Nor mourn a fleeting world that's left be-  
hind.

No fordid friend e'er vilely fought your death,  
No after race shall curse your peaceful shade,  
*Here*, in my hand, spin out your shortening  
breath,  
Your panting breast disdains all human  
aid.



T O M Y

P O U C H .

**M**Y fonfie friend, my staff, my care,  
For thee I'll daily urge a prayer,  
Lang may'st thou ha'e a wymefu' rare  
O' Guineas clean ;  
That nei'bour-like at kirk or fair,  
I may be feen.

Sin' I the ufe o' pouches knew,  
I've haen thee toom, and haen thee fu',

But ah ! when lank 'tis staunchly true,  
    (Tho' hard to bide it)  
By teet-bo friends, an' nae a few,  
    I've rough been guidit.

Shou'd plenty gie thy kyte a heeze,  
Wi' legacy or lawful fees,  
Like showers o' hail, or swarms o' bees,  
    They'd round me thrang ;  
Your servant *sir*, then strive wi' lees  
    My head to pang.

I gie you joy says Mr. Dronner,  
Ah gin I'd kend your merit sooner,  
I'd paid my court, upon my honour,  
    Wi' joy to thee ;  
Gab, that an honest heart wou'd sconner,  
    Aff loof he'd gie.

He'd scrape, he'd bow, an' stroke his chin,  
In flatt'ring falsehood's path he'd rin,  
" In me a friend ye'll always fin'  
    " Sincere an' frank,



“ My house ye’ll welcome find therein,  
My purse thy bank.”

E’er this, he at thy wyme had teetit,  
Fu’ weel kend he, nae help was needit,  
His friendly hand, guid faith, I dreed it,  
I scorn to lee,

The fient a hair o’ me he’d headit,  
An’ but for thee.

Shou’d some sick dwam turn o’er thy heart,  
By dire mischance o’ fortune’s dart,  
Till wi’ thy heart’s-blood thou boot part,  
Like torrent’s rumble,  
Friendship from me I dare assert,  
In streams wou’d tumble.

How then he’d stare wi’ four grimace,  
Put on a consequential face,  
Syne flyre like some out-landish race,  
At wretched me !  
Nae mair my steps he’d flylie trace,  
Wi’ friendly e’e.

But ah ! gin ance I had thee fu',  
An' stoutly pang'd as round's a clue ;  
Nae hap tho' ye were like to spue  
    Wi' gowden ore ;  
For friends ! hey troth I'd seek but few,  
    An' them but poor.

For what is friendship, but a name,  
Says the gash Bard, \* weel kend by fame,  
Shou'd fortune, fairly kick the beam,  
    An' curse my lot,  
I'd waisted be down poortih's stream,  
    An' quite forgot.

Shou'd some braw pleasant fertile spot,  
While on this earth, fa' to my lot,  
On it a canty cozie cot,  
    Wi' but an' ben ;  
A *ribb* on which I'd fondly doat,  
    An' ca' my ain.

\* Dr. Goldsmith.



What constitutes the sweets o' life,  
Is first a chaste and loving wife,  
A sworn foe to feud an' strife,

Nae willfu' spender ;  
A mind to sooth, o' love fu' rife,  
An heart fu' tender.

Wou'd fortune for me nienst lay by,  
A score o' merks to stop my cry ;  
An' ne'er let that wee hoard rin dry,

I'd seek nae mair,  
That wi' a bleffin', I'd defy  
Baith cros an' care.

I ne'er kend what 'tis to be rich,  
Fortune has prov'd fae cros a b—h ;  
Thou pouch, thou'lt sure ay haen the itch

Or some fell scare ;  
Thy kyte has clung like ony ditch,  
Wi' purging fair.

But what need this, or that to seek ;  
Or in blind fortune's glafs to keek,

She'd send sure wi' the tither eek,  
The tither care ;  
Sae fortune tirr me steek by steek,  
An' hair by hair.

Till thy curfs'd, cankard, crazie snout,  
On me has got thy malice out,  
Yet in my breast thou need nae doubt,  
There still shall be  
A monitor, wi' manly snout  
Disdaining thee.

For rich, or poor, or coarse, or fine,  
High heez'd by fame, or laid supine ;  
Or travell'd far ayont the line,  
In pleasure gluttit ;  
Death will at last the wizen twine,  
An' fyne he'll cut it.



## DESPONDENCY.

*He makes his heart a prey to black despair,  
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use  
Of any thing but thought ; or if he talks,  
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving.*

DRYDEN.

**A** Youth o'er cast with deep despair,  
Taught by mischance to weep,  
Stept forth to taste the vernal air,  
When nature went to sleep.

### II.

Penfive and sad his step he bent,  
Along the verdant plain,

To where yon aged tree has lent,  
Its shelter to the swain.

III.

And this he said with fault'ring voice ;  
" Fate long has prov'd severe,  
" Has heaven of me alone made choice,  
" Severest woes to bear ?

IV.

What are the deeds my hands have done ?  
What has my heart conceiv'd,  
That these misfortunes equal none ?  
So great, yet not believ'd.

V.

Love, fortune, fame, I've long address'd,  
Yet all have prov'd unkind,  
The sigh that rends my rankling breast,  
Is felt but by the wind.



VI.

I'll court no more with anxious care,  
What heaven seems to deny,  
But search for some lone harbour, where  
In solitude I'll die.

VII.

And may some gentle spirit, mov'd  
With pity, long e'er day,  
To shew, the deed he has approv'd,  
Entomb my lifeless clay.

VIII.

Who life bestows, the soul can save,  
And streight e'er more said he,  
An aged man of aspect grave,  
Stept from behind the tree.

IX.

Stop gentle youth reply'd the sage,  
Thy headlong steps restrain,

Let not the furrow'd brow of age,  
Thy friendship ask in vain.

X.

Lone have I trode life's thorny path,  
Where nought but sorrows be,  
Heaven's all the hope a poor man hath,  
But that's enough to me.

XI.

Forbear my Son to tempt thy God,  
Thy fate but equals mine,  
'Tis heav'n's to use th' afflicting rod,  
And mortal's to resign.



THE  
FARMER'S  
CAT AND DOG.

A  
T A L E.

**S**OME ferlie fair, an' doubt the fact,  
That e'er the Brute creation spak,  
But view the Prophet's dire difaster,  
An' hear an afs reprove his master.

Wi' gloamin light a Farmer's Cat,  
 Ance on a night demurely sat  
 Behind a stack within the yard,  
 Washing her face, her lugs, an' beard;  
 When frae the house wi' hasty bang,  
 An' droopin' lugs, a Collie sprang.

Hey *Ranger*, says the purring dame,  
 What gars you thus abandon hame?  
 Hae ye yon bowl o' cream but tasted,  
 For which I was so lately beasted?  
 Or sinn'd ye wi yon greetin' cheese,  
 Frae which the tears profusely weeze?  
 Sure goody's taunts I ne'er will bear,  
 But to yon landwart town I'll steer;  
 An' wi' some matron fix my stay,  
 That will my deeds in peace repay.

The Collie shook his dawdry weed,  
 Said he, my fault was sina' indeed;  
 Wi' brimstone fury Goody flew,  
 An' frae the roost a rung she drew,



Which kifs'd my rumple wi' a yerk,  
For barkin' at the parish Clerk.  
Sin' you an' I hae neighbours been,  
Hey me what ups an' downs we've seen!  
Tho' aft put fakelefs i' the wrong,  
Dependents ay man haud their tongue;  
Nor does our blinded master see,  
The trocks between the Clerk an' she.

Tho' on his brow spring up apace,  
Twa knaps the emblems o' disgrace,  
Of deeper root, and harder still,  
Than those nurs'd up by whisky gill.  
Oh! gin he had my shape an' size,  
To lurk unseen in that disguise;  
He'd see such fights, wou'd gar him jump,  
And eethly claw yon birkie's rump.

C A T.

Weel *Ranger* as we'er here our lane,  
We e'en may speak unhear'd or seen;

Troth lad we've liv'd in better times,  
 When folk thought shame at sic like crimes;  
 Tho' sometimes I may catterwaul,  
 An' you wi' *fince* your heart regale;  
 As marriages were ne'er design'd,  
 'Mong animals of brutal kind;  
 I deem it therefore nae transgression,  
 To serve our day an' generation;  
 But she, wha should set guid example,  
 For shame, on laws divine to trample!

Besides the crime's o' crimson dye,  
 Tho' now conceal'd frae mortal eye;  
 But ah! the day comes on apace,  
 'Twill summon all the human race,  
 Where every deed shall be made bare,  
 An' sure they twa will baith be there.

R A N G E R,

Hey how, my rumple fair does smart,  
 But the affront e'en racks my heart;



To think that I shou'd beaten be,  
An' frae the house e'en forc'd to flee;  
Thus baith bereft o' blood an' beauty,  
For the bare doing of my duty;  
Curse on the sex, their silly strain,  
Has prov'd a bane to dogs an' men.

The disobedience of their mither,  
They've handed down to ane anither;  
Where curs'd ambition made her prie  
Sweets of the knowledge-giving tree;  
Her daughter since in stately piles,  
Hath rais'd aloft the serpent's wyles.

They vainly say " all eyes are shut,  
" In pleasures lap our hearts we'll glut,  
" On youthfu' joys, our souls are bent,  
" We'll first enjoy and then repent.

C A T.

Stay lad, a'll not join this faction,  
No rule there is without exception;

Tho' Goody wrest the laws of nature,  
 An' spurn the rules of her creator ;  
 Yet some there are to virtue prone,  
 Tho' perfect hearts are found in none.

The dire effects of vice an' folly,  
 Will plunge her deep in melancholy,  
 If ance reflection touch the mind ;  
 Tho' now to virtue's charms she's blind.

Ae day last week, I mind it weel,  
 She happ'd by chance to streek the wheel ;  
 But e'er the rock she weel had spread,  
 In came the Bleacher wi' a web  
 O' holland, clear as driven snaw,  
 Which gard the rock be laid awa' ;  
 He gat his due, syne aff did scour,  
 The web was spread upon the floor ;  
 Nane saw she thought, I lay an' purr'd,  
 Nor frae the nook sae much as sturr'd.  
 She frae a skelf an elvant drew,  
 And swore the deil shou'd get his due.



" Three times its length 'twill be the fark,  
 " Last night I promis'd to the Clerk."  
 Snap went the sheers, then in a wink,  
 The fang was stow'd behind a bink;  
 At eve' the tryft was kend to baith,  
 The Clerk step'd in an' paid the skaith.

# R A N G E R.

When bear an' ate the earth had fill'd,  
 Our fimmer meldar nieft was mil'd.  
 To see a' fnug our lordly dame  
 Gaed to the mill, I did the fame,  
 Wi' capes, the mill she gard them ring,  
 Which i' the nook became a bing;  
 Then Goody wi' her tentie paw,  
 Did capes an' feeds the gether ca';  
 A pockfu' nieft was fatten'd weel,  
 Half feeds, an' capes, the other meal.  
 Syne huddle muddle o'er the bent,  
 To fill the Clerk's feed kist it went.

## C A T.

When cogs are skim'd, an' cirn ftreekit,  
The yellow drops fast in are fteekit ;  
Plump gaes the staff, *Meg* views wi' pleasure,  
The bocking, thick'ning, yellow treasure ;  
She gies her clouk a bightfom bow,  
Up fly the knots of yellow hue.

Baith cheeks are fu', while o'er her chin,  
The shining over-plus doth rin.  
Belyve wi' haste comes Goody ben,  
She views the staff, *Meg* drives again ;  
A few strokes mair congeal the mafs,  
They view its fize, then verdicts pafs.

But e'er she weigh'd the finfu' wark,  
A roll is made to please the Clerk,  
The rest wi' looves fu' braid are yerkit,  
In scrimpit pounds, to fuit the market.



## R A N G E R.

What need we name ilk shamefu' deed,  
 Or think a woman's wyles to read;  
 On what they're bent, be't right or wrong,  
 They're sure to hit wi' hands or tongue;  
 Wi' faint like faces, tales they'll tell,  
 'Twou'd ding the very Deil himsel;  
 An' he's a chield ca'd right auld farran',  
 'T peeps thro' ilk human heart I'se warran'.

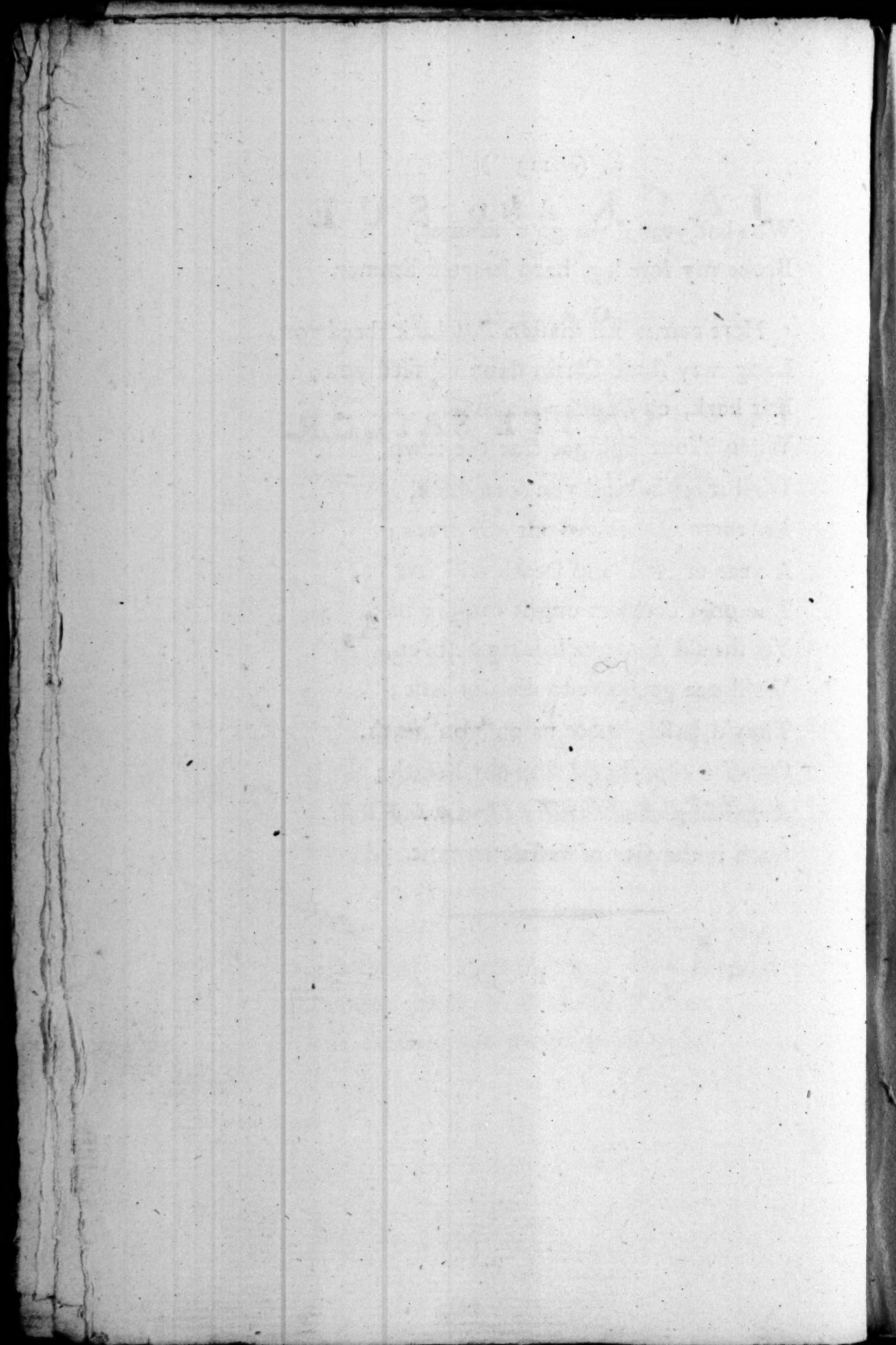
Tho' he's as gleg as scriptures stile him,  
 It's ten to ane but they'll beguile him;  
 For poultry, cheese, eggs, claith an' cakes,  
 In lefs or mair, she daily rakes  
 To hap his back, an' line his wyme,  
 Nor think's she borders on a crime.

Our horn'd master (waes me for him)  
 Believes that fly boots does adore him,  
 She likes him just as weel I'll fwear,  
 As I do our gray hawkit mare;

Wha laft year i' the go o' fimmer,  
Broke my fore leg, hard hearted limmer.

Here comes our mafter, *Puffs* luck fpeed you,  
Lang may fome Carlin daut an' feed you;  
But hark, on Sunday afternoon,  
When a' our folk gae frae the town,  
We'll meet behind yon corn ftack,  
An' there unfeen get out our crack;  
A year or twa, and Death will free us,  
The only comfort ought can gi'e us;  
Yet fhould fome calshie tig be ta'en,  
We'll nae get leave to die our lane;  
They'd bafely fhoot us on yon heath,  
Or wi' a rope they'd ftop our breath;  
Regarding thus a trusty fervant,  
Such is the fate of vaffals fervent.





JACK AND SUE;  
OR, THE  
FORTUNATE SAILOR.

AN  
O P E R A,

IN THREE ACTS.

*IN THE SCOTS DIALECT.*

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MONTROSE:

PRINTED BY DAVID BUCHANAN.

1790.



The P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Squire Ironha'.

Joseph, *A Farmer and Tenant to the Squire.*

Jack, *A Sailor brought up by Joseph.*

Thimble, *A Taylor.*

Arthur and  
Davie, } *Two Clowns.*

W O M E N.

Sufan, *Joseph's only Daughter.*

Maron, *Joseph's Sister.*

Ketty, *A Country Girl.*

S C E N E, *A Farmer's Cottage and Fields, some  
few miles from Montrose.*

First A C T *Begins at Five in the Morning.*

Second A C T *Begins at Nine in the Morning.*

Third A C T *Begins about One O'Clock.*

# JACK AND SUE, &c.

## A C T I.

### SCENE—I.

#### *Prologue to the Scene.*

A Cottage in a how between  
Twa verdant hills o'er-clad wi' green,  
A rill o' water clear and clean  
Rins purling by,  
An' at the door, raking his e'en,  
Ye'll Joseph spy.

A heartsome, cozie, country chield,  
Nae raw young loon, nor stiff wi' eild ;  
But ha'flins has life's pirnie reel'd,  
An' something mair ;  
Ha'f clad he sits before his bield,  
The morning fair.

JOSEPH.

**H**HEY day the weather's taen an unco rout,  
An' nature 'gins to smile a' round about ;  
Just heaven be prais'd I think in fourteen days,  
If on our fields *the sun pour forth his rays,*



The hay crop will be in, and a' thing snug  
 As a blue ribban' at a bonnet-lug.  
 Fu' sweet it smells, quick round my heart it  
 plays,

And for my breakfast a sure found-stane lays.  
 How pleasant 'tis to view these verdant fields,  
 And scan the blessings nature kindly yields !  
 This morning-blink's ne'er seen by City spark,  
 Nor does he hear wi' joy the tow'ring lark,  
 Who with her song so cheers each rural swain,  
 Till woodlands sweetly echo back the strain.  
 Marion get up, for now the sun's so high,  
 'Tis time to streek the cogues an' milk the kye.

*Enter* T H I M B L E.

Good morning Thimble, ye're right early  
 out,

I trow ye're gain to tak' your morning-bout.

*Thimb.* To tak a turn an' gi'e my legs a rax,  
 I'll through the land until the clock strike fax,  
 Syne fa' to wark, wi' needle speed and sew,  
 Either to clout the auld, or mak' the new.

*Jos.* I wish a bus'ness was on a' bestow'd,  
 A trade, tho' sma' is worth a lump o' gow'd;

Since that's the case, wi' mine I'll be content,  
 And plow the fields, to pay the laird his rent.  
 Be seated lad, your uncós let me hear,  
 For troth, tis seldom ye're fae soon a steer;  
 The neibours tell me, ye o' trade are thrang,  
 Ye'll mak' a fortune Thimble, e'er't be lang,

*Thimb.* Right weel, I canna say ought else o'  
 trade,

But a' my care is nae on riches laid;  
 Some ither things hang heavy on my heart,  
 But the sad cause I'm sorry to impart.

*Jos.* Sure, Thimble, you and I hae nei'bours  
 been,  
 Five towmonts good, and something mair I  
 ween.

In me ye've always found a friend sincere,  
 And now to tell your tale, ye need nae fear;  
 Speak man, your mind, and ease that heavy  
 heart.

To pine in secret is a finfu' part;  
 But we're ay eas'd o' grief, if need shou'd be,  
 To tell a friend, fae cast your cares on me.



I. A I R. *My Minnie's ay glowrin' o'er me.*

*To friendly council agree then,  
And trust your secret with me then;  
You'll find in a crack; your grief it will slack;  
And from all melancholy, you free then,*

*Thimb.* Fair fa' your coaxin heart, for comfort now,

Within my tortur'd breast begins to glow;  
Wou'd ye but lend your aid, and urge my cause,

I doubt nae yet, but I might shun the paws  
Of that destroyer, (Death's great friend) *despair*,  
A fiend that tears my faul baith late an' air'.

*Jos.* Tell me your tale, ye'll then get my advice,

Speak, why so strange, or scrupulously nice?

*Thimb.* I wish, but ah! I fear, my tale to tell,

And yet, this dumb suspense, is war than hell.

Last week the laird sent o'er a coat to turn,  
Ae sleeve I spoilt, and loot the tither burn;  
A waistcoat, wi' my sheers I clipt in twa,  
Sae absent was my mind and far awa.  
The streen when sewing, like a doited coof,  
I dang the needle, e'e deep in my loof.

My mind sae wanders at whate'er I be,  
 Gaes heels o'er gowdie, when the cause I see;  
 And nane but Sue I blame, wha casts her head  
 Whene'er I speak; alas! she'll be my dead,  
 Unless ye cuddem and advise the lass,  
 Wha has to me a heart as hard as brass;  
 Yet gin ye'd gi'e consent, and back my plea,  
 Wha kens e'er lang but she might turn to me?  
 The strongest wind that e'er blue frae the lift,  
 Tho' mixt wi' hail, wi' rain, or youden drift;  
 Brings ay a calm at last, sae't might wi' Sue,  
 If guid advice your daughter get frae you.  
 I hae at hame, o' printed velvet nice,  
 A waistcoat fine, and o' nae little price,  
 'Tis lang, sin' it I first laid by for thee,  
 Intending a sma' present it shou'd be;  
 A Sunday waistcoat, fitting for the spring,  
 Nienst time I come this way, it o'er I'll bring.

*Jos.* So Thimble, 'tis my Sue, that's ta'en  
 your heart,

I'll to my daughter act a parent's part;  
 But there's a lad, I trow that's at the sea,  
 That in her books is farer ben than thee.  
 Tho' she was coy, you shou'd ay been cheering,  
 I doubt you've lost your brose for want o' steering,



Keep up your heart ne'er tak' na for a flight,  
 Ye kenna whare a blessing yet may light;  
 To cheer your heart I'll chant to you a lilt,  
 Sae ye may for a wee but listen til't.

II. A I R *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

*Push boldly and win the dear maid,  
 Perhaps in the end she'll agree,  
 The lass that's o'er easy be-laid,  
 Shou'd ne'er be the partner for me.  
 Dear Thimble, repining forsake,  
 Look canty and gie her the mou';  
 In all her wee foibles partake,  
 And look as a lover shou'd do.*

II.

*Sure women for men were design'd,  
 Ilk lass a wise wishes to be;  
 Then each for a Bab is inclin'd,  
 To dandle the tote on her knee.  
 Take courage, be chearful, and gay,  
 While there's hope, ne'er abandon the field,  
 Ne'er mind what a Lassie will say  
 But storm till she vanquish'd does yield.*

*Thimb.* Cou'd I sic happinefs as that attain,  
I'd fave my head, my heart a warld o' pain ;  
Alas ! I fear my fate right hard will be,  
E'en doom'd to envy all the world and thee.

[*Exit* Thimble.

*Jof.* Poor Thimble, 'tis e'en hard to bear,  
nae doubt,  
But Sufan fure ne'er to his love will loot ;  
The lad to me feem'd dumpifhly inclin'd,  
And I through pity, fpak againft my mind ;  
The bearer of ill news I ne'er will be,  
And Thimble ne'er fhall break his heart by me.

## S C E N E II.

### *Prologue to the Scene.*

A field o' hay cut down, ye'll fee  
Fair Sufan wi' her rake,  
Doubting her love's hard fate at fea,  
And mourning for his fake.  
While Kett her grief strives to affwage,  
With hopes of Jack's returning ;  
And Maron in a stiff'd rage,  
To change her heart, is burning.



S U S A N.

III. A I R. *Banks of Yarrow.*

*The solar beams which glad the heart,  
And nature set a springing ;  
No more can cheering hopes impart,  
Or charm the birds to singing.  
All seem to share, the woes I bear ;  
The lark and chatt'ring sparrow ;  
Since every breeze, that fans the trees,  
My heaving breast doth harrow.*

II.

*To India's golden shore he went,  
In hopes of soon returning ;  
But ah ! he'll homeward ne'er be sent,  
To change to joy my mourning ;  
Some foaming wave has prov'd the grave,  
Of my long absent marrow ;  
These once dear plains, while life remains,  
My heaving breast shall harrow.*

*Enter* K E T T Y.

*Ket.* Fie Susan, ne'er to sic strange thoughts  
give vent,  
Your Jack, by some kind breeze will home be  
sent ;  
Keep up your heart, see how serene the air,  
It seems to say "a' things will yet gae fair."  
'Tis time to mourn when we've nought else  
to do,  
Wha bods a thing o'er soon, shou'd find it true.

*Suf.* When I look back and mind our hap-  
pier days,  
Our early fancies, and our childish plays ;  
How manfully he wou'd my rights assert,  
Wi' willing zeal, e'er love had touch'd his heart.  
How aft our infant-tales he wou'd relate,  
Each little frolick, and its early date ;  
It makes me lonely mourn the fates decree,  
And curse the gold, that forc'd my Jack to sea.

*Ket.* Forgi'e me Sue, gin now I speak my  
mind,  
When Jack to you sae lang seem'd true and  
kind,



And 'mang our nei'bours, this was a' the crack.

" Gin they're nae wed right soon, I'll lose a  
plack ;

What gard you let the lad gang o'er the sea ?  
When he might still ha'e stay'd at hame wi' thee.

*Sue.* Deed Kett, I dinna wonder ye shou'd  
speir,

Lang was I to my lad's departure sweer ;  
But wi' sic bonny words, my heart he bent ;  
That I at last was forc'd to gi'e consent.

" Dear Sue, quoth he, I think it is a shame,  
" That I shou'd hang on idling here at hame ;  
" When ither lads, nae better than myself,  
" Are gaining honour, and are getting pelf ;  
" I'll aff to sea, and shou'd it be my lot,  
" To bring hame something that may boil  
" the pot ;

" And stock a farm, where frae a' sorrow free,  
" We'll spend our days in merriment and  
" glee ;

When that I saw my lad was fae inclin'd,  
I did the best I cou'd to cheer my mind ;  
To mak' him a' things cozie, tight, and neat  
I spair'd nae pains, but work'd baith air' and  
late.

White as a lilly were the trews he wore,  
 His jacket o' the woo' my hands had shore :  
 And fure nae lad was trigger than my Johnny,  
 My heart was proud to see him look fae bonny;  
 But ah ! waes me, I'll ne'er forget the day,  
 That he was forc'd at last awa to gae ;  
 I cou'dna speak, I cou'd do nought but greet,  
 And he cou'd only say " again we'll meet."

*Ket.* Good troth ye gab like ony printed  
 book,

But trulins fou'k afore they leap shou'd look,  
 I dinna like the idle wild romances,  
 That fill our lads heads wi' sic foolish fancies.  
 When they come hame wi' broken arms or  
 legs,  
 They'll crack o' diamonds bigger than goose  
 eggs ;

How Indian Queens forfooth, at ilka ear,  
 Wear lumps o' gowd as big's a honey pear.  
 And rattle aff sic tales, when round the fire,  
 That doth our lads wi' wonder all inspire.  
 Weel may they stretch their tales to ony fize,  
 And blind for want o' skill our ladies eyes ;  
 For nane can check the daft like tales they tell,  
 But book lear'd folk, or wha's been there  
 themsel'.



They'll crack of gow'd that's gather'd aff the  
green,

But troth I fear few gowden trees are seen :  
Or they wou'd strive to cut a branch or twa,  
That age might lole in ease when youth's awa',  
Wha life can cherish on a blanket braid,  
Shou'd ne'er through wanton freaks a cannas  
spread ;

Yet some wha nought but poortith e'er cou'd  
claim,

For wealth ha'e cross'd the sea and rich come  
hame ;

Your fears dispel, e'er lang I hope you'll see  
Your Jack, wi' a the sweets o' life to thee.

*Sue.* Dear Kett, I'll hope the best and trust  
to fate,

I'll wish his safety, and wi' patience wait,  
Kind heaven will waft him o'er the briny  
tide,

And place him by his wishfu' Susan's side.

#### IV A I R.

*The mind which lang has found the pang,*

*Of torturing despair ;*

*At one soft gleam, glides down the stream,*

*To leave its poinards there.*

*Till recollection's direful sting  
Again the heart annoys,  
The soothing sound the one did bring,  
The other oft destroys.*

*Ket.* But Sufan las, I hard some news this  
morn,  
As by the cottage I gaed through the corn,  
Nane saw me there, sae down I lay for fun,  
To hear a tale that newly was begun,  
Ye was the subject o' their mornin' chat,  
As cozily on the green fank they sat.

*Suf.* Wha was't gin I may speer, wi' clam-  
'rous tongue,  
That out a malice-flag sae early hung.

*Ket.* Malice, the fient a word o' that was there,  
Yet for neglect poor Thimble blam'd ye fair,  
He to your father tauld a mournful tale,  
In hopes he wi' his daughter wou'd prevail  
To shew mair kindness, or a lift o' grief,  
Wou'd send him soon to seek in death relief.

*Suf.* He may my father court baith air and  
late,  
And sit a month wi'm on the divet seat,  
E'er he frae me shou'd get ae kindly glance.



Sae gin he will, e'en let him tak a dance,  
 In a hemp gravat, on yon lonely tree,  
 For Thimble ne'er shall be a Jo to me.

He scrapes and bows and for my welfare  
 speers,

Then wi' a sheepish look draws out his sheers,  
 Syne paires his nails, and aft he'll let them fa',  
 And gie a grane, but fient a word ava ;  
 Unless, ah Susan ! lang I've sigh'd for you,  
 But filly gouk ne'er seeks to prie my mou',  
 The lad that wants to win a lass's heart,  
 Shou'd cock his lugs and bauldly play his part;  
 Or soon he'll find his fuit will fruitless prove,  
 Fool gouk to think that granes wou'd gain  
 ane's love,

Jack's got my heart ; and when he gains the  
 land,

For better and for war he'll get my hand,  
 Wha gets the lad she loves, tho' gear's nae rife,  
 May pass a calm a lovd and happy life.

V. A I R, *To it's ain tune.*

*O thou who rules each rising morn,  
 And smiles at setting day,*

*Restore the youth that's from me torn,  
And all my cares allay,  
Then troubled waves he'll plow nae mair,  
But in my arms replac'd,  
He all my songs of love shall share,  
And sooth my rankling breast.*

*Enter M A R O N.*

*Mar.* Hey lassies ye're right early at your  
fang,  
On merriment ye're nae to fast o'er lang,  
Ane by your early liting might divine,  
That ye're nae fly'd your brakfast ye will tyne  
Gae streek the rake, or to the house and spin,  
Wha eats a brakfast; shou'd a brakfast win,  
A spendthrift lass proves ay a glaiket wife,  
And that maks duddie weans and mickle  
strife.

*Ket.* Well jested Maron 'bout a glaiket  
wife,  
I trew your thrift has gard you change your  
life;  
Had ye for thrift to love been condescending,  
In some chield's nook your days ye'd now  
been spending.



VI. A I R.

*When lasses are sprightly and young,  
How cheerfu' their moments do glide,  
Love's all that can flow from their tongue,  
And Cupid their cares can decide.  
My wheel and my reel in the blink,  
May sit till both rotten they prove,  
For while I am able to think,  
I'll sing of my favourite Love.*

Exit. Ketty.

*Suf.* Ye're early out this mornin' aunt, I  
trew,  
The grafs I fear will wet your coats wi' dew,  
Ye're ablins come to chide me on the green,  
For the daft bargain that I made the streen,  
The chapman urg'd me fair and ca'd it good,  
And to the bargain gae me a braw snood,  
He wou'd nae stay, and I'the print thought  
nice,  
Had ye been there I'd ta'en your best advice,  
*Mar.* Daft lassie, *Gowns* ! I've gotten better  
news,

Which mannag'd well may mak our pirns  
clews,

'Twill gar for ought I ken the country ring,  
And ane nae far awa wi' joy to sing,

Ane wha's ta'en aft frae boughted ewes the  
milk,

E'er lang, in coach will ride and roll in filk,  
What's well begun half ended seems to be,  
The mornin's fair, nae clouds I wish to see,  
Susan your rake throw by, nor mirth destroy :  
I'm young again, and maist cou'd die for joy.

VII. A I R, *The Lowland Lads think they  
are fine.*

*No more shall we in country toil,  
Or buying ewes find recreation,  
Transplanted to a richer soil,  
We'll leave each servile occupation,  
Blow, blow thou gentle prosperous gale,  
Blow all the seeds of envy under,  
Till Hymen happiness entail,  
Then let the swains on Esk all wonder.*



*Suf.* Hey aunt ! That's news indeed, I needs  
 must say,  
 And might a subject furnish for a play,  
 The streen I doubt you've *Pat* and *Roger*  
 read,  
 And dream'd it o'er again when in your bed,  
 Thinking yoursel sweet *Meg*, and *Pattie* kind,  
 Maks still the dear idea haunt your mind.  
 Look around about, ye'll see ye're farther  
 north,  
 By forty miles and twa, this side the forth ;  
 The merligoes are yet before your e'en,  
 And paint to you the fight ye've seen the  
 streen ;  
 Daft like it looks I'm glad that Kett's awa,  
 For this she'd surely tauld our neighbours a'.

VIII. A I R, *To the foregoing Air.*

*The wish that tends our thoughts by day,  
 Is painted forth in gentle slumber,  
 Which will the wandring soul betray,  
 And all its faculties incumber ;*

*But when the senses are restor'd,  
And we endow'd with recollection,  
The airy visions are explor'd,  
Then reason rules each fond reflection.*

*Mar.* Sneer on dear Susan, laugh and sing  
your fill,  
Till fish come dancing out yon gurgling rill,  
Or lads cheer'd wi' your notes frae aff the dale  
In wanton gamboles frisk to lift your tale ;  
Tak back your taunts nor cut before the  
point,  
Ye'll find I naething spak 'twas out o' joint,  
I've Pat and Roger read and fae hae ye,  
And we in part sic tales again may see.

*Sus.* We'll aunt my taunts were rash, but  
gin ye like,  
I'll hear your tale upon yon funny dyke,  
Frae it we'll see around that nane may hear,  
For 'bout this time our lads are a' a steer,

*Mar.* The streen just as the sun set i' the  
west,  
Which warn'd baith man and beast frae toil  
to rest,



All nature filent seem'd, the evening fair;  
 Down by the pond I stray'd to take the air,  
 The laird frae out the hill wi' dog and gun,  
 Came o'er the knowe I try'd his steps to shun,  
 Yet e'er I twa rigg breadth got o'er the lee,  
 He at my heels cry'd *Maron* stop a wee;  
 Fu' tyr'd he seem'd yet back wi' me wou'd  
     gang,

Syne hame we scour'd fu' cheery and fu'  
     thrang,

Wi' kindly heart he aft your welfare spier'd,  
 And sclentine ways his course he aften steer'd;  
 At length he said will ye gae tak' a turn,  
 Down by the mill where rins yon wimplin'  
     burn,

“ I hae a tale to tell, and here I swear,

“ To walk a mile wi' me ye need nae fear,

“ I wou'd be loath to think or do ye wrang,

Na troth quo' I kind *Sir*, then aff did gang.

*Maron* said he I've lately fallen in love,

But nought my charming angel's heart can  
     move,

She flies me as a hare wou'd do a hound,

Or as a *Stag* the huntsman's echoing sound,

Kind *Sir* said I the lady's ablins young,  
 And has nae yet just got the gift o' tongue,  
 Our sex are shy, and wi' your leave they  
 think,

Wha yeilds o'er soon fu'aft gets the begink.

He leuch, syne tauld me Susan was his  
 flame,

And fair his cheeks flush'd at the pleasing  
 name,

Bade me his helper be, and bear his tale,

And a' his hopes o' happiness reveal ;

Here comes your father I'll to him relate

This high advancement pointed out by fate.

*Enter* J O S E P H.

*Jos.* What lasses ! at your crack and left the  
 hay,

The lads will thriftless view you aff the ley,  
 Till't ance again, syne crack when ye hae  
 done,

News tell far better o'er the cap and spoon.

*Mar.* Well said, a gawkie name is easy  
 won,

† S



And some's ca'd swift wha ne'er a race has  
run ;

Foul names are nae a joke, but less we care,  
When conscience tells us, they shou'd then be  
fair.

In time ye've just step'd East, fae stop a wee,  
And hear the cracks a tween your child and  
me.

The Squire loves Susan, I'm made Willie  
Jack,  
Just waiting her fhy tale to carry back,

S U S A N *to her* F A T H E R.

E'er Jack (ye ken fu' well) gaed to the sea,  
Ye gae consent he shou'd my husband be,  
Gowd was his purfuit gowd the lad will  
gain ;

And pleas'd I'll be when lady o' my ain,  
Riches consisteth not in warlds gear,  
Nor happier they, who filken mantles wear ;  
They're only blest'd wha're wi their lot con-  
tent,

And rich, wha're pleas'd wi' what kind hea-  
ven has sent,

I'll be mair happy wi' my blythsome tar,  
Than wi' a' the Squires 'tween me and Shire  
    o' Mar,  
Were I to flight the lad for nought but greed.  
Nature and nature's god wou'd blame the deed.

IX. A I R. *Gramachree Molly.*

" My heart was ne'er for falshood fram'd,  
    *Wi' Squires tease me no more :*  
*I envy not the rich nor fam'd,*  
    *For all their boarded store,*  
*In it no happinefs I'd find,*  
    *'Tis all an empty show,*  
*Gold serves but to corrupt the mind,*  
    *From it no pleasures flow.*

II.

*From morn till night I'd card and spin,*  
    *And sing when I had done,*  
*All spendthrift deeds I'd count a sin,*



*But joy how much I'd won,  
If health remain'd we'd ne'er be poor,  
Nought should our peace remove,  
Heaven would on us its bounties shower,  
And blest such constant love.*

*Mar.* Was e'er sic nonsense heard, sic folly  
seen,  
'Mang foolish giglet lasses on the green,  
What heart cou'd bear the shock to slight a  
Squire ;  
And think o' ane wha's life is nought but care  
Fie Susan, fie, tak this, that heaven has sent,  
Or pinning ye'll thro' life the deed repent.

X. A I R. *Lake of Gold.*

*Think on the Sailor's dismal fate,  
When toss'd upon the stormy sea ;  
What sorrows on his soul await,  
When death seems not far off to be.  
The raging waves no pity show ;  
The sinking bark no aid can save,  
Another roll then she's below,  
And he laid in a wat'ry grave.*

## II.

*Should he escape that dreadful death,  
 No sooner in his port he'll land,  
 Then straight on shore, as sure's ye've breath,  
 A wench he'll have in ilka hand ;  
 Then Susan dear be rul'd by me,  
 Nor slight the words I here let fa',  
 Think no more on false Jack at sea,  
 But place your heart on Ironha,'*

*Jos.* This tale confounds me Maron, but I  
 fear,  
 The Squire's in jest, what, did he seem sin-  
 cere ?

*Mar.* So serious when he spak that I cou'd  
 see,  
 Thro' hope a tear to startle in his e'e ;  
 I'll brake the reel, the wheel, the pot, the  
 pan,  
 If e'er you find him prove a faithless man.

*Jos.* That's strange indeed but yet sic things  
 have been



As lairds to marry lasses aff the green,  
 But jack's the son of a dear friend deceas'd,  
 Who's manly virtues ne'er can be defac'd,  
 Honour and gratitude bind me to be  
 The first to join them, when he comes from  
 sea.

*Mar.* Snuff pens : to market fend ye hon-  
 our, there

I fear its portion will be scant and bare,  
 Set it and poortith on a clean spread board,  
 The comfort will be sma, they'll there afford ;  
 Think how we'd be carefs'd by auld and  
 young,

And made the subject o' ilk darling tongue,  
 When she'd a lady be in fattins dres'd,  
 Nae mair wi' countless cares to be oppres'd.

*Jos.* The match I own is great beyond com-  
 pare,

Sic markets, faith, are found but unco rare,  
 But hush here Thimble comes wi' gleeesome  
 speed,

And I some news can in his visage read.

*Enter* T H I M B L E.

*Thim.* Good mornin' neighbours a', fair Sue  
 good morn,  
 I fear I've trespass'd coming thro' the corn,  
 In haste through that greenfield I this way  
 ran,  
 Back to the Squire's to win as fast's I can,  
 Frae yont the loan his fervant cry'd me back,  
 The measure of a hunting coat to tak ;  
 And wow sic daft like duds o' antic shape,  
 As he shew'd me, just fit to busk an ape ;  
 High was the coat neck stiff wi' pasteboard  
 made,  
 The collar purple wi' a green-like shade,  
 The buttons just like moons, fae sma' the  
 back,  
 They on the hench fae close, play'd click click  
 clack ;  
 The tails fae frightened like fat out behind,  
 Like a ship's stern flag, to catch the wind,  
 Frae head to foot, fu' braw and trigg was he,  
 Green brecks and trappans ty'd at ilka knee,



Wi' filken hose, and ribbands in his shoon,  
 He look'd like a new fiddle, just in tune,  
 But yet his looks fae rakish seem'd to me,  
 Thro' a' a heart deprav'd I plain coud see.  
 Our borroustoun-bred gentry now a days,  
 Mind nought but masquerading, *balls*, and  
     plays,  
 Or o'er the bowel in killing deep debauches,  
 At cards or dice lose a', then stake their  
     watches,  
 Swear like Dragoons, and brag wi' hellish ton-  
     gue,  
 How many maidens innocent and young,  
 They wi' their wyles have turn'd frae virtue's  
     road,  
 And spurn at all the precepts of their God.  
 These and sic like fae wean the heart frae  
     grace,  
 Till time imprints its progress in the face.  
*Mar.* Stop Thimble, all are not fae base in-  
     clin'd,  
 No rule without exception fure you'll find,  
 And some there are tho' born of high degree,  
 The moral precepts better keep than we,

To judge by outward show is base and pert,  
He only ought to judge who knows the heart.

XI. A I R. *My Friend and Pitcher.*

*Stay foolish youth, your prattling tongue,  
To judge requires great circumspection,  
The outward show doth ill accord  
With what may prove the heart's detection.  
Who knows the heart can best decide,  
What failings tent frail human nature,  
How base is he who dares pretend,  
To judge another by each feature !*

*Thim.* The haughty youth bred up at court,  
Can ne'er partake of rustic beauty,  
The heart inur'd to folly's path,  
Will ne'er again think on its duty,  
Till habit paint in every look,  
The Rake, whose morals are corrupted,  
The heart deprav'd we then can see,  
In ever feature, clear constructed.

*Exeunt.*

*End of the First ACT.*

† T



A C T. II.

S C E N E I.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

A public house, four tars appear,  
All blest'd with sweet content,  
A cup of Ale their spirits cheer,  
From Neptune freed, no dangers near,  
On love and mirth they're bent.

XII. A I R, *Come come Jolly Boys.*

JACK.

*Hail, hail Britannia's long lov'd isle,  
Whose peaceful shade makes thousands smile,  
Thy long lost clifts, thy creeks and bays,*

*The Sailor's storm-toss'd spirits raise,  
The Sailor's storm-toss'd spirits raise.*

*Fearless of Neptune's surging foam,  
When Cupid guides the rudder home,  
Exulting in the hope that he,  
Shall brave the dangers of the sea.*

## II.

*What tho' the wavering hand of fate,  
For me no plaudits could create ;  
Tho' fortune spurn'd each fond advance,  
And all my hopes strove to enhance,  
And all my hopes strove to enhance.*

*'Mong fortune's wreck undaunted, I  
To her who rules my heart will fly,  
No glitt'ring gold, I dare assert,  
Or object state can change her heart.*

## III.

*'Twas she, when thunders loud did roll,  
That free from fear did steer my soul  
When compass'd by a dreadful storm,*



*She vigour spread thro' all my form,  
She vigour spread thro' all my form.*

*Ye gentle powers haste guide my way,  
To where my Sue doth lonely ray,  
On her soft bosom safe reclin'd,  
I'll kiss all care from out my mind.*

*Exeunt with three Huzza's.*

S C E N E II.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

A well beside a birken bush,  
A bush o'er spread wi' buds,  
Tent well a lass of beauty flush,  
There finding out her duds.  
Wha means to try her sweat-heart's love.  
But ventures o'er the score,  
He scorns her pride, she runs to prove,  
'Twas jest and nothing more.

K E T T Y.

**T**HIS bonny blink will bleach my mutches  
clean,  
To glance into his e'en whom I love dear;  
When tightly plet and brawly iron'd out,

They'll gar him look again I hae nae doubt,  
 And frae my heart I like to please his e'e,  
 For well I ken the love he bears to me.  
 The streen we met behind yon hillock green,  
 O' love he spak which sparkl'd in his e'en,  
 And fair fair did he plead for my consent,  
 Which hassins maist did gar my heart relent,  
 But yet I've kept the grip his love to try,  
 Till through his secret thoughts a wee I'll pry.

XIII. A I R. *Bide ye yet.*

*When I and my Aurther together do meet,  
 He cherishes me with his kisses so sweet,  
 To win my fond heart he forever is bent,  
 But love's little priz'd when too soon we consent.  
 I shy will prove to try his love,  
 Tho' constant as the turt edove.  
 When him I've fully prov'd sincere,  
 I'll blush consent to Aurther dear.*

*Enter* A U R T H E R.

*Aur.* Good mornin' Ketty ; had ye free frae  
 care,



I find you're aye as cheary as you're fair,  
I heard you liting and came o'er the knowe,  
Your strains ne'er fail to set my heart in low.

*Ket.* So well I find can Aurther play his  
part,

That ane wou'd true his words came frae the  
heart,

To ilka lafs ye meet sweet tales ye'll tell,  
But laugh into your sleeve when by yoursel,  
Or brag amang your neighbours at the plow,  
How many lasses hearts are lodg'd wi' you.

*Aur.* And can my Ketty harbour sic a  
thought,

That a' my care for her is turn'd to nought?

*Ket.* Wi' sleeket words well pepper'd up wi  
spice,

Wi' clean gravat and a' thing spruce and nice,  
Ye do contrive to catch a lafs's e'e,  
But when ye've a' thing got that she can gie',  
She's left poor hissy to your scorn and pride,  
Wha on a day ance thought to be your bride.

There Rob the miller wi' an unco phrase,  
Came o'er to Jean and featly did her praise,  
Till his ain devilish ends he brought about,

Then pale she grew like a well washen clout;  
Now ilka lad does taunt her wi' her havence,  
And crys, would I hae Rob the miller's leav-  
ings?

Yet shou'd it happen that we're made a wife,  
The honey moon's scarce done till quarrels rise  
Begin; for then the devil's to pay I true,  
When hame the husband comes just roarin'  
fu',

Nor can she please him in his barlic mood,  
He cocks his hand and gi's his wife a thud,  
Sae Aurther seek anither for your wife,  
I'll ne'er wed ane to lead fae poor a life,

*Aur.* Ye're brawly read I true o' hame o'er  
strife,

Ane fure wou'd think ye'd been fae lang a  
wife;

The scrimpit mind ne'er real pleasures fand,  
As folk forbodes fu' aft it comes to hand,  
If that's your tale my las, I'll bid good day,  
I find to court wi' you's nae bairns play.

*Exit. Aurther.*

*Ket.* Oh! waes my heart, farewell, what  
hae I done?



Did e'er I think he'd tak his leave so soon?  
 I spak to try his love, but now I fear,  
 In this my tryal I've been o'er severe.  
 What did I say? my heart begins to swither;  
 Curs'd be the words which bad him seek a-  
 nither,  
 Wi' disappointment mad he e'en may gang,  
 And woo a nither lafs e'er it be lang;  
 Then here I'm left, what may not folly shaw  
 me,  
 Now ither lads a faucy lafs will ca' me;  
 I'll after Aurther, tell him a' was jest,  
 Till in his heart again I am replac'd.  
 Wise heads have lang been kend toc urb the  
 tongue;  
 Had I that maxim kept I'd ne'er been flung;  
 Yet if fair speeches will, I'll win his heart,  
 A woman's wiles will baffle human art.

XIV. A I R. *Woo'd and Married an A'.*

*Ye maids who in love wish to pun,  
 Come tak an example by me.  
 Ne'er slight a kind lad in your fun,  
 Or he'll fly from your sight like a bee.*

*Had I to my Aurther but clung,  
Like the Lempits to rocks in the sea,  
I never had this way been flung,  
Nor forc'd after my lad now to flee.*

*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

Deck'd up in gay array,  
The Squire appears in view,  
And as he bends his way,  
Contrives to ruin Sue.

SQUIRE.

————— Hey ho ———

This country girl so chaste 'tis all a show ;  
Thus far however, in her auld aunt's e'en,  
A lover true, I m look'd upon I ween.

The fool auld wife vainly believes I'll tak  
her,

And Lady *Ironba* she thinks I'll mak her,  
Oh avarice ! thou'rt virtue's common foe,  
A bane to youth, to age a deadly blow ;  
But what of virtue ! conscience be thou lull'd,

† U



Till from the stem that lovely rose is pull'd.  
 Then Susan conscious of her situation,  
 May suit the bent of my hot inclination ;  
 Her cred'lous aunt with gold I will allure,  
 While vague pretensions shall the lass secure.  
 All bars I'll brave, nor dread a dint of shame,  
 Nought now a day can spoil a gentle name.  
 I'll now step o'er the way Joseph to see,  
 And tentily I'll watch the lass's ee,  
 If aunty has in my behalf come speed,  
 Her success I'll soon in her visage read.  
 If not, fair words and clapping yet may do.  
 To force into my arms the lovely Sue.

XV. A I R.

*The lad at school oft lays a snare,  
 The thoughtless bird to catch,  
 So I'll with all my utmost care,  
 This fair one's motions watch.  
 Her aunt with gold I will allure,  
 To Sue sweet tales I'll tell,  
 Untill her heart I do insure,  
 Then catch the prize myself.*

*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

Hard by an aged tree,  
Twa lovers fondly stray,  
Love darts frae Ketty's e'e,  
More blyth than op'ning day,  
All by ganes are forgot and gone,  
And Aurther views her as his own.

A U R T H E R.

**W**ELL Ketty as you've tald me a' your  
heart,  
Mefs John shall crown our joys, nae mair we'll  
part,  
Were I the laird o' a' these fields you see,  
My Ketty, lady o' them a' shou'd be ;  
But we'll e'en be content wi' daily bread,  
Nae mair nor cotters we hae been decreed ;  
Sure, happiness is nae to wealth confin'd,  
But lodges in the calm contented mind.  
I'm ay content though a' day at the plow,



If when my task is done I meet wi' you;  
 Sae gie's anither smack, I've mony taen,  
 An' fure my Ketty winna stand for ane.

XVI. A I R, *Corn Rigs are Bonny.*

*My Ketty is a lovely lass,  
 The sweetest maid in nature,  
 She all our country does surpass,  
 So comely is each feature.  
 Were I a laird of high degree,  
 My Ketty should be lady;  
 A fig for wealth I would nae gie,  
 So lang's her love is steady.*

II.

*Then let me fold you in my arms,  
 And gaze upon your beauty,  
 d stair forever on your charms,  
 And think't my highest duty.  
 You're more than boarded wealth to me,  
 Nought else can give me pleasure;  
 With hymen's bands we soon shall be,  
 Tyd up, my joy and treasure.*

Now Kett. a kiss come gie me for my fang,  
 I've done my best, it's neither short nor lang,  
 I made it yester night upon the green,  
 When I was raking hay my leafu' lane.

*Ket.* Well did ye sing, for it I'll gie you twa,  
 And ablins three or four e'er ye gae awa,  
 Ye hae fae fairly stown away my heart,  
 I'd never wish again frae you to part.  
 Love steals I find upo' my heart fu' fast,  
 'Tis deeper rooted fin' I saw you last;  
 Now I'll e'en leave our wedding day to you,  
 For troth wi' love, my heart's maist at my mou.

*Aur.* My lovely Kett, my pet, my a' that's  
 good,  
 May heaven frae 'tween us keep baith strife  
 and feud,

And gie's to cherish life, nae mair we'll seek,  
 In love we'd live, till death our eyelids steek;  
 As lang as health will lat, those fingers ten  
 Shall toil, to cozie mak, baith but and ben,

*Ket.* To gar our bed look hale and neigh-  
 bour-like,  
 Wi' gleesome speed last week I span a tike;  
 To mak it out my wheel got mony dwang,



I kend it wou'd be needed short or lang ;  
 Blankets and sheets a fouth I hae o' baith,  
 And in the kist, twa webs of wholesome claith ;  
 Some ither nick knacks, sic as pot and pan,  
 Cogues, caps, and spoons, I at a raffle wan,  
 Wi' some thing, either fit for lad or lass,  
 What hame o'er foulk whiles ca' a keeking-  
                   glafs.

Now a' consider'd, wi' what things I hae,  
 And yours, may fair us ony summer's day ;  
 But up, we'll meet at e'en, I'll o'er the hirst,  
 And tell my mither a' the story first ;  
 But she'll gie her consent wi' haste I trew,  
 For nane of a' our lads she likes but you.

XVI. A I R. *Flowers of Edinburgh.*

*Dear Aurther met me in the grove,  
 With kisses sweet and tales of love,  
 He won my heart wi' smiles so free,  
 None could sic looks of pleasure gie ;  
 To Aurther I'll then pledge my heart,  
 And wi' my lad nae mair I'll part,*

*The Priest shall join our hands for life,  
How blest'd I'll be when Aurther's wife,*  
[Falling into his arms.

II.

*Farewell all sorrows, lingering hours,  
Since soon my Aurther I'll be yours ;  
Hasten Sun thy bright return,  
And usher in the blythsome morn.*

A U R T H E R.

*Oh how supremely blest'd am I.  
With charming Ketty in my arms ;  
I'd in your soft embraces ly ;  
And fondly number all your charms.*  
[Excunt.

S C E N E. V.

*Prologue.*

*See in the Cottage, Maron and the 'Squire,  
He bent on mischief, she intent on gold ;  
While Thimble headlong runs into the snare,  
And tells a lye to screen the truth he'd told.*



M A R O N.

Troth Sir this morning, lang before I raise,  
He to her father made an unco phraze ;  
To stand his friend, at length he did engage ;  
(And I o'er-heard a waistcoat was the wage)  
And lang and fair for his consent did strive,  
While I wi' anger maist was like to rive.

*Squire.* That's news indeed, I little thought  
that he,

In my amour should thus my rival be ;  
I hope the las's mair sence by far has got,  
Than slight a Squire for such a humble lot.

*Mar.* Humble indeed, my niece a taylor's  
wife !

I ne'er saw sic presumption in my life.  
Of that ha'e ye nae doubt, that ne'er shall be ;  
Ye've nought to fear but Jack, that's at the  
sea ;

E'er he comes hame I'll doubtless turn her  
heart,

Your honour may depend, I'll play my part.  
But here comes 'Thimble linkin' o'er the lee,  
And I can read his errand is to me.

*Squire.* If so I'll in behind the door a wee,  
And hear the comfort ye to him will gi'e.

*Exit Squir*

*Enter* T H I M B L E.

Good day kind Maron, here the wark's ne'er  
dow'd,

The hand that's diligent ay gathers gowd ;  
I've ta'en a turn out o'er the knowe to thee,  
In hope you'll lend some wish'd for aid to me.

*Mar.* What means that blush that glows up-  
on your cheek,

Whate'er your suit now, Thimble, freely speak.

*Thim.* Ye nae doubt partly ken my errand  
here,

But yet for fashon's cause ye now maun speer.

*Mar.* It wou'd be strange indeed, were I to  
know

Ane's mind, e'er scarcely he'd said aye or no.

*Thim.* Weel Maron, I shall doubt your  
word nae mair,

But tell frae end to end the hale affair.

This morning early I a turn took,  
And in my rout I came down by this nook ;  
Joseph and I, did at the door forgather,  
Where we a clatter had wi' ane anither,  
A while we talk'd o' trade, but in the end,  
I told my tale, and me he's to befriend



Now gin ye'd do the same, I yet might think,  
That Susan's love an' mine might brawly clink.

*Mar.* Deed Thimble, wi' my niece ne'er  
fash your head,

I swear I'll ne'er consent to sic a deed ;  
There's better matches far into her offer,  
A Taylor's suit is what I ne'er wou'd suffer.

*Thim.* Hey better matches ! tent wha' ye  
misca',

I am her match the best day e'er she faw.

*Mar.* Mistrustfu' dog, dare ye fae croully  
crack,

Get frae my fight, or I'll your noddle brack ;  
To think wi' gentle folk ye'd ha'e a chance,  
E'er lang ye'll scarce get leave on her to glance.

*Thimb.* A happy fit, I smell your great in-  
tent,

Of that great offer ye'll some day repent ;  
Scarce was an instance o' the like e'er seen,  
As lairds to marry lasses aff the green.  
Ane that pretends to ken the laird's intent,  
Told me the whole without the least restraint ;  
Ye'll see e'er lang how far his love extends,  
He wants to keep her for his wicked ends ;  
To trust to gentle folk is nae a jest,

Seven times a week they'll brak their words  
at least.

*Mar.* Fell crouse ye crack o' gentle folk I  
trow,

What if the Squire shou'd hear a' this frae you,  
I fear if he came in ye'd turn your tale,  
And hing your lugs just like new bottl'd ale,

*Thim.* What has at present fallen from my  
mouth,

I do aver is nothing but the truth.

*Enter Squire who lashes Thimble with a whip round  
the Cottage.*

*Squire* What at this time may pass from me  
to you,

I do aver is nothing but your due.

*Thim.* O pardon, pardon, sir, upon my knees  
This instant I'll confess the whole was lies.

*Squire.* I fear this rattle-scul has laid a fund,  
For her inspection if my love be found; [*aside.*  
Now villian speak, and freely tell the truth,  
Or this my lash shall drag it frae your mouth.

*Thim.* An't please your honour's goodness to  
forgi'e me,

I'll tell you all, e'er frae this spot I jee me;  
I heard indeed an inklin' o' your love  
For Susan, but I swear by all above,



I never heard ae word o' a' the rest,  
 But form'd that wild conjecture in my breast.  
 And gin your honour will forgive this crime,  
 Ae word o't shall ne'er cross my lips in time;  
 Nor did I mean to hurt your honour's name,  
 But to secure auld Aunt I laid that scheme;

*Mar.* Auld Aunt! hey, speed your lug, the  
 devil's auld,

In my ain house! an' thus to be fae bauld!  
 Pack hame an' sew your lies up in a clout,  
 Or my ten nails shall rive your false tongue out.

*Squire.* Gae hame my lad and learn some  
 better sense,

And I shall here forgive this foul offence,  
 Upon conditions ye amend your life,  
 Nor tak such blackguard ways to gain a wife;  
 But should this bustle e'er come frae your mou'  
 The telling o't again ye fair shall rue.

*Thim.* Hard to be whip'd, baulk'd, scorn'd  
 and a' the rest,

And maun a secret keep it in my breast,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Prologue.*

Near by a burnside you'll see,  
As blyth as op'ning day,  
Jack, chanting o'er his fate at sea,  
Rejoic'd he's now from Neptune free,  
While Sue inspires his lay.

XVII A I R. *The wandering Sailor.*

J A C K.

*Once more upon these fertile plains,  
Where careless rove the cheerful swains;  
I landed have from dread alarms,  
To view again sweet Susan's charms,  
To view again sweet Susan's charms;  
In hopes to find her as the dove,  
Constant and kind to me her love;  
In hopes to find her as the dove,  
Constant and kind to me her love.*

II.

*When stormy seas ran mountains high,  
A tempest thick, a darken'd sky;*



*Tho' Neptune hard against us strove,  
 My heart did still on Susan rove,  
 My heart did still on Susan rove ;  
 In hopes to find her as the dove, &c. &c. &c.*

*Enter D A V I E.*

**H**HEY Jack ! and are ye safe return'd again,  
 Frae aff the ever troubl'd roaring main ;  
 Lang's been your voyage, and far I trow ye've  
 been,

Ye've sure a vast o' unco faces seen,  
 Is't true, what some folk say, that o'er the sea,  
 They ha'e a custom if the wife shou'd die,  
 The living husband by the king's decree,  
 Wi' the dead wife, alive maun buried be ?  
 Or, that the wild inhuman savage race  
 Eat ane anither, they're fae scant o' grace ?

*Jack.* Why Davie its well known in former  
 times,

Men-eaters have been found in foreign climes ;  
 But burying both, the living with the dead,  
 The fancy is of some distracted head.  
 But dropping that, how fares young lovely Sue,  
 Your master *Joseph*, and kind Maron too ?

What news? run o'er each little this or that,  
You always was a lad renown'd for chat.

*Davie.* Sic news if truth there be, in what  
doth pass,  
Ye've lost, or likely are to loss your lass.

*Jack.* What Susan false! no Davie, but proceed,

Tell all and soon she'll be from falsehood freed.

*Davie.* Death, twa three weeks sin' syne by  
some strange fit,  
Arrested the auld Laird just i' the bit;  
His sister's son, a child fu' trig and braw,  
Is laird himsel' and come to Iron-ha';  
And sin' I left the house I heard it said,  
He's fallen in love wi' Sue, and will her wed;  
He's rich, and gow'd has in it sic an art,  
As aft to sway frae truth the human heart.  
Ye're just in time, and may the plan o'er turn,  
Ye ken, the nearest way's to cross the burn;  
I'll o'er the knowe, syne frae the smiddy haste,  
To hear the news, if ye're a welcome guest.

[*Exit Davie.*

*Jack.* The tale seems strange, yet doubt  
t'wou'd be unkind,  
Falsehood cou'd never taint her constant mind,



I'll forward bend my way in hopes that she,  
As faithful is as when I went to sea.

XVIII. A I R. *Banks of Bannon.*

*No fardid art cou'd tempt to change,*

*The virtuous maid I love;*

*The mutual flame that fir'd our breasts,*

*Absence cou'd ne'er remove.*

*I'll haste to Sue who rules my heart,*

*Where falsehood, ne'er could rest;*

*Tell o'er our little infant tales,*

*And clasp her to my breast.*

[Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

*Prologue.*

When all attempts fair Susan to betray,  
Are gone, he eye's her hasting to the hay;  
Ye'll see his drift, but Jack appears in view,  
And rescues from the Squire his lovely Sue.

SQUIRE.

**W**HAT all my schemes o'er turn'd! and  
blown to boot!

Her father too, begins my faith to doubt;  
No more I'll thus be fool'd, 'tis now high day,

When Sufan hies to where they make the hay,  
 With drink, a fang o' cheese, and barley scon,  
 To cheer the makers and make work go on;  
 But yonder Sufan trips out o'er the lee,  
 With rosy cheeks, while love darts frae her e'e;  
 Ne'er shone the morning star with clearer light,  
 So fair she looks, so buxom, and so tight;  
 I'll in this barley field myself conceal,  
 And softly on young Sufan out I'll steal.

Remote the place, there seems no mortal nigh,  
 To aid to rescue, or to hear her cry;  
 She shall to my embraces yield or die.

## XIX. A I R.

*Ye fiends and imps of hell,  
 If aid ye can impart;  
 Assist with some dark spell,  
 And change her virtuous heart;  
 That she by proving kind,  
 May bless each fond desire;  
 And I a mistress find,  
 In her whom I admire.*

*Exit.**Enter S U S A N singing.*XX. A I R. *Birks of Invermay.*

*How fly the gentle hours away,  
 With those whom fate has kindly bless'd;*

† Y



*While lonely here I'm doom'd to stray,  
 Where every hour's by care oppress'd.  
 I've seen with joy the rising morn,  
 Peep o'er in peace yon verdant bill;  
 But now its cheering rays I scorn,  
 My rising doubts it ne'er can still,*

## II.

*Ye feather'd warblers in the air,  
 Join in my plaint, and mourn my love:  
 Lament ye fields, and meadows fair,  
 Where Jack and I had wont to rove.  
 In thee I'll wander night and day,  
 Surrounding hills shall bear me mourn;  
 And echo back my lonely lay,  
 Of love's soft strains, till Jack's return.*

*Enter* SQUIRE.

*Squire.* For you fair Susan long I've sigh'd  
 in vain,  
 And in return you but my sighs disdain;  
 For your consent I'll now no longer wait,  
 Since in my power this day you're thrown by  
 fate;

Yield to my sanguine wish, 'tis vain to cry,  
To aid you now, no mortal hand is nigh.

*Sue.* Take fir my life but ah! my honour  
save,  
Nor perjurd plunge me in the mould'ring  
grave;  
My faith has long been pledg'd to a dear youth,  
And death I'll sooner meet than break my  
truth.

*Enter J A C K.*

*Jack.* Hold, wretch thy hand, or straight  
prepare to die,  
For know that her deliverer is nigh.

*Squire.* Draw and defend thyself, nought  
else can save  
Thy soul from the dark confines of the grave.

*Jack.* Why raw-bond cub t'advance I'll  
ne'er refuse it,  
See there's a bludgeon, and a hand to use it,  
For Sue, my dearest blood I'll gladly spill,  
And fight while in one member life does thrill,  
Come on, my massy cudgel soon you'll feel,  
To be of more avail than temper'd steel.



*They fight, Jack knocks down the Squire and  
disarms him.*

*Jack.* Your hand, fair weather-Jack; to strike  
I scorn,  
Till on your beam end fairly up your borne;  
What! safely moor'd, the whore son's cables  
cut,  
His soul's adrift with both his day lights shut:

*He runs to Susan who is in a fainting posture.*

My love, my soul, the charmer of my heart,  
Your Jack's arriv'd, from you no more to part.  
No more you'll wander in these fields alone,  
Nor shall the neighbouring hills return your  
moan;

Though late invok'd to join you in each mourn,  
Shall echo back with joy your Jack's return.

*Sue.* Sure 'tis a dream, sic joys I ne'er did  
feel,  
Or some delusion makes my senses reel;  
No, 'tis my Jack, whom heaven's pervading  
eye,

Hath sent to save me, when my death was nigh.

*The Squire recovers.*

*Squire.* Death! thus to fall, by a plebeian  
hand,

The strange adventure too, my name will  
brand

With villian, traitor ; still the deed undone  
Galls me the more ; it too will soon be known ;  
Fierce raging appetite ! when driven by thee,  
Mankind become what else they ne'er would  
be ;

But hold—my thoughts must not give way to  
reason,

To moralize sure this is not the season ;  
I'll soon with vengeful hand my wrongs assert,  
Revenge succeeds to love, within my tortur'd  
heart.

*Exit Squire.*

*Jack.* He's gone, and with him may all false-  
hood fly,

A wretch, a traitor, of the deepest dye ;  
May heaven who sees our various acts apart,  
Conviction send to his degen'rate heart.

*Sue.* Ah ! Jack, what to your care I owe this  
day,

Is what my life, my love, can ne'er repay ;  
How great's my joy to think the powers above,  
Have sent to my relief the lad I love.

*Jack.* Forget your cares dear Susan ; now  
no more,



In search of gold I'll roam to India's shore ;  
 No more shall I on troubled seas be tofs'd,  
 You're more to me than Indian climes can  
 boast.

XXI A I R *Lochaber no more.*

*Once more in my arms lovely Susan I fold,  
 Whose presence to me is more precious than gold ;  
 No more for your sake the wide ocean I'll plow,  
 But here I'll cast anchor and winter with you.  
 The joy that I feel with my Sue in my arms,  
 To gaze on her beauty, and number her charms ;  
 More pleasure bestows to my love panting breast,  
 Than time-serving pleasures, or wealth of the east.*

## S U S A N.

*And now my dear Jack to my arms once again,  
 Is safely restor'd from the watery main ;  
 My heart is at ease, now no more I will mourn,  
 But woodlands shall echo my Sailor's return ;  
 Then farewell past sorrow, ye swains bear my joy,  
 We'll revel in pleasures that never can cloy.  
 While fields yield their fruit, and the clouds send their  
 rain,*

*Nought but cruel death shall e'er part us again.*

*Exeunt.*

A C T. III.

S C E N E I.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

With heart o'erpowr'd with grief and care,  
Thimble, to the Cottage does repair,  
And in his hand a waistcoat fair,  
Wi' colours smart;  
But doubts, wi' Jack he'll ha'e sma' share,  
In Susan's heart.

JOSEPH.

**E**'EN hand it here, wi' it I'll be right braw,  
Nane at the kirk like me will shine ava;  
It looks as new's a guinea frae the mint,  
Sure a' the colours o' the rain bow's in't,



*Trys it on.*

Hey, just the thing, it fits like cock and pail,  
 And weel deserves a bumper o' my ale,  
 Be seated and I'll tell your e'er ye jee,  
 The cracks that pass'd atween young Sue and  
 me.

*Thim.* Say on, but ah ! I fear frae what I've  
 seen,

'Tween Jack and Sue, down yonder on the  
 green ;

I may rin hyte for ought she cares for me,  
 Now as her Jack's again return'd from sea ;  
 Wou'd death but free me frae this warl' o' care,  
 Some future joys may hap I then might share ;  
 But in this life what mortals fondly prize,  
 First whets their passions, then their suit denys ;

*He starts and throws from him his speers*

*Thimble, &c.*

Trafh, hence frae me, nae mair wi' you I'll  
 dwang,

I'll be in anither warl' be e'er lang.

*Jos.* Stay Thimble ne'er at sic daft projects  
 mint,

The deil to help you till't just wants the hint,  
 Tak up your trocks, sic weakness nae mair  
 shaw,

Tho' *Hawkie* fling ne'er cast the cog awa ;  
 There's ither lasses man, as good as Sue,  
 And ilka hair wou'd do as weel wi' you ;  
 Think better on't, the deil's ay bent for ill,  
 And soon wou'd push you on, your blood to  
     spill ;  
 Here comes the youthfu' pair, we'll stop our  
     crack,  
 The fight's to you nae doubt, a great heart brak.

*Enter JACK and SUE.*

*Jack.* How fares my gen'rous friend, my  
     old protector,  
 Your hand; by jing you look as brave as Hec-  
     tor ;

I find ye've to some skilful doctor hark'd,  
 Life's cable ye have splic'd, since I embark'd.

*Jos.* My Jack you're more than welcome to  
     our bield,  
 Heaven aid me lang, to prove your faithfu'  
     chield ;  
 How great's my joy ! it's fure beyond com-  
     pare !

To see you look fae hale, fae plump, an' square.  
 However ither at the sea may thrive,



Ye've been nae stranger to the bannock hive.

*Jack.* Why faith, we sailors live as sailors  
ought,

We brave all dangers, that's ne'er done for  
nought ;

Like lords we live at sea, like kings on shore;  
When money fails, we go to sea for more.

Thus happy lives we lead, content's our aim,  
A friend to friends, to enemies humane ;  
Who wou'd not then join in our heartsome  
core,

And live the life that princes now adore ?

XXII. A I R. *Get married as soon as you can.*

*Sailors lives are my boy,  
Full of pleasure and joy,  
None on earth such can feel,  
But a tar, but a tar.*

*E'er we sail there our foy,  
Sailors hearts never cloy,  
Back we store, then we reel  
From a far, from a far.  
Our sweet-hearts and wives,  
We adore as our lives ;*

*Nor like landmen control'd*

*Do we jar, do we jar.*

*Like the Bees to their hive,*

*Home the jolly boys drive,*

*Be't from Merchant-man, or bold*

*Man o' War, Man o' War.*

[Thimble sneaks off with a wry face finging.]

*Deil that ye were in the air,*

*In a Car, in a Car.*

(Susan gives Jack a draught of beer.)

*Jack.* My honour'd friend your health, long  
may you live,

And to a friend, a bottle ha'e to give ;

Your hand my Susan, for your heart I've got,  
Come Thimble—Ha ! what has come of the  
fot.

*Jos.* He's gone, nae doubt o' trade, the lad  
is thrang,

And cou'd nae frae his needle stay fae lang ;

By this he's hame, or haflins up the yard,

The fight o' you I trow he weel cou'd spair'd.

*Jack.* He may gae hang himself, I dare as-  
fert

A star-board tack, frae care wou'd ease his  
heart !



But where is Marion, sure I am that she,  
Wou'd joy to find, I'm safe return'd from sea.

*Sue.* She's west into yon field among the  
grafs,

A stane shot frae the barley we did pass ;  
She'll e'en be here e'er ye drink out your ale,  
To hear o' India's coast a lang detail.

*Jack.* Now Susan, give us to my welcome  
home,

My old delight, the song of Tinker Tom,  
Or sing wi' glee the making o' the hay ;  
Your Jack's return, or pleasant banks of Spey :

*Sue.* When Jack a sang requires, I'll ne'er  
refuse,  
To gi'e the cantiest that my heart can chuse.

XXIII. A I R. *Cowden Knowes.*

*Ye woodlands green, ye fertile fields,*

*Ye purling brooks so clear ;*

*And all ye plains that pasture yield,*

*Ye lovely valleys bear*

*My tuneful notes, and join my lays,*

*All sorrows now are past,*

*My mournful nights, to blythsome days*

*Are turned at the last.*

*I'll blefs the day fo blyth and fair,  
My Jack return'd from fea ;  
His youthful fmile fooths all my care,  
He's all that's dear to me.*

II.

*No wealth, or power, cou'd tempt to change,  
The lad I dearly love ;  
With him o'er earth and fea I'd range,  
And ftill wou'd faithfu' prove.  
Revolving time fhould ne'er be found,  
To alter love fo true,  
\* The figh his tender heart did wound,  
Should break his Susan's too.  
I'll blefs the day, &c.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

*A hall with tapeftry richly hung,  
The diffappointed Squire you'll fee ;  
Joying to think he'll Jofeph bilk,  
And fend young Jack again to fea.*

\* Dr. Goldfmith.



SQUIRE.

**G**O Tell that fellow Joseph, tis my will,  
That he no longer plow yon verdant hill ;  
His lease is out, and here, this writ contains  
A legal summons, soon to quit these plains ;  
Take then your horse, quick, not one moment  
lose,

And with this letter speed you to Montrose ;  
With your own hand deliver it with care,  
To the commander of the press-gang there :  
See that you trifle not, nor this reveal.

*Serv.* To execute your orders I'll not fail.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Squire.* They'll know with whom they tam-  
per, e'er the sun

Another time his daily race shall run ;  
Oh ! sweet revenge, I joy to think thro' thee,  
I shall ruin Joseph, and send Jack to sea.

*Exit.*

## S C E N E III.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

Look o'er the knowe, and on yon funny green  
Twa canty plowman-lads, alane are seen ;

The ane is Davie, tight and cleanly drefs'd,  
 The tither Aurther, lang wi' love opprefs'd.  
 Wha owns his lassie has come too at last,  
 While Davie trys in vain his hopes to blast;  
 But blyther Aurther, constant as he's kind.  
 Displays at once a calm and steady mind.

## A U R T H E R.

C O M E lad lug out your dops, an gies' a  
 chaw,

Mine is fae scant, fient hae't is in't ava;  
 I heär down at the Brough this day ye've been,  
 Sae tell's the uncós that ye've heard or seen;  
 The streen had ye but hinted your intent,  
 A sma' bit bundle I wi' you had sent;  
 But fu rules trade, are hats, and stockings dear,  
 And ither trocks that's fit for country wear;  
 Things has wi' dearth been menßless here awa,  
 Since the disturbance in America.

*Davie.* Nae doubt, yet tho' on it the stigma  
 hings,

'There's ither reasons for the dearth o' things;  
 Had we the merchant-trade try'd in our youth,  
 E'er this, we sure had gather'd gear a fouth;  
 Braw gaes ilk Borrows *Blade*, an' weel ye ken,



'Tis wi' the profits ta'en frae ither men ;  
 Fu' rich they grow, and then they live like  
     lairds,

Nor grudge at ance to stake a pound at cairds,  
 While cent per cent shines in their powder'd  
     wigs,

Their gaudy ruffles, and their whirly-gigs ;  
 America nae doubt, in part's to blame,  
 But state the rest to lux'ry held at hame ;  
 A chield tho' halflins blind, may plainly see,  
 They clearly whip the fun frae such as wee.

*Aurth.* Weel lad, I'll grant that a' ye've said  
     is true,

They live by others, we live by the plow ;  
 In healthy, cheery toil, and sweet content,  
 May hap we mair can boast than cent per cent,  
 When free frae care, ilk village lad and lass,  
 Hasten to the green their holyday to pass.  
 Here sit the older few, with chearfu' smile,  
 Till stories odd their stented hours beguile ;  
 There frisk the youthfu' swains, each pleas'd  
     to see,

The rays of love dart frae his lassie's e'e,  
 While a' his aim at *putting, jump or play,*

Is frae the rest to bear the gree away ;  
 And stowlins teetin' wi' a wishfu' e'e,  
 Gin she he loves his manly feats does see ;  
 His fair one's joys are mair than tongue can tell,  
 To see her lad wi' manly strength excel ;  
 She softly whispers, " when we milk at night,  
 " Ye weel deserve a drink, for feats sae tight ;  
 He taks the hint, and waits wi' anxious mind,  
 Fond to accept the invitation kind ;  
 Wi' nimble hand she finds her milking pail,  
 Her heart before, fast after it she'll steal ;  
 Blythly they meet, he pats her glowin face,  
 No pomp, nor gilded trappings deck the place,  
 She kindly to his breast is press'd with care,  
 Ah ! stay she crys, till I your drink prepare.  
 Stane still stands *bawkie*, he her neck does claw,  
 Till she'll frae her the massy aft'rins draw ;  
 He quafs the foam, of hairs, nor straws afraid,  
 Then every drop's wi' a sweet kiss repaid ;  
 No fearful, future doubts, nor self made cares  
 Have they, but count the present only theirs ;  
 While love triumphant, hid by no disguise,  
 Reigns in each breast, and flashees in their eyes.  
 Sic love is seldom felt by city Gent',  
 The rambling *beau*, or gaudy cent per cent ;



Their hoarded store, their pomp, and seeming  
ease,  
Are trifles vain, when once compar'd with  
these.

XXIV. A I R. *Braes of Yarrow.*

*The chearful swain, can time beguile,  
When fondly tripping o'er the plain,  
In hopes to meet the kindly smile,  
Of her who'll free his heart from pain.  
No jealousy or gnawing care,  
Can in his bosom center;  
He sees such virtues in his fair,  
That folly ne'er can taint her.*

## II.

*There love unspotted rules the heart,  
With chearful chat they pass the day;  
And fix the hour no more to part,  
When Hymen drives each doubt away.  
Their purer hearts soar far above  
The hopes of worldly treasure;  
Content they'll haunt some pleasing grove,  
And pass their hours in pleasure.*

*Davie.* Troth Aurther lad, ane by your  
cracks may tell,  
Ye've mair then ance been at sic tricks yoursel';  
And sure if that's nae fae, the country's fu'  
Wi' lees, and claiks, about young Ket and you;  
For at the smiddy this is a' the fang,  
We'll ha'e a weddin' o't e'er it be lang.

*Aur.* Fool goukit chield, sic stuff as that to  
true,  
Gin ye believe them, nane will credit you.

*Davie.* That e'en may be, yet Aurther mind  
your eye,  
When maidens, mim they look, and unco shy;  
When ance ye're fairly ty'd and she your wife,  
Ye'll ken the crosses o' a married life.

XXV. A I R. *No body no.*

*How happy the laddie that love ne'er beguiles,  
Ne'er dumpish'd with frowns, or the sly maidens wiles,  
His heart is his own, he may rove where he please,  
And enjoy sweet liberty, life's but a lease.*

*Fall de rall, &c.*



II.

*When ty'd to a wife, all his pleasures are gone,  
The amrie is empty, his money is done ;  
She bauls in his ears, with the tongue of a scold,  
The honey month's done, and she wont be control'd.  
Fall de rall, &c.*

III.

*The tongs for her weapon, she claims as her own,  
Then instantly lends him a crack on the crown,  
The devil's to pay, love's fond tales are forgot,  
Now a fire brand she's turn'd, on whom he did doat.*

*Aur.* Perhaps sic minds as yours may feel  
that smart,  
Wha's love proceeds frae interest, not the heart;  
Where love's sincere, sic notions never dwell,  
Love begets love, the sacred page doth tell.  
*Davie.* Say on, the time will come ye'll ablins  
ken,  
'Tis then o'er late, the Parson's grace is faen ;  
When lasses, they are faints baith sly and civil,

When wives, you'll find they represent the  
devil.

Gi'e them the breeks, your manly powers are  
shaken,

They'll then your senses clear, your fears a-  
waken ;

Wear them yoursel', nae peace you'll ha'e at  
hame,

Grumbling and discontent's her daily theme ;

Gin she a tocher brought, baith air and late

She'll place it as a relish on your plate ;

Or brag o' friends tho' distant, if they've cash ;

If yours are poor, she'll sneering tell they're  
trash.

Or gin ye chance to wed ane without gear,

When baulk'd in her design her head she'll  
rear,

And tauntinly she'll gi'e her face a thraw,

" For you I sure refus'd good offers twa."

The tane crys gi'e me't, mind I brought the  
cash,

The tither says I'll hae't, and that right snash ;

Troth Aurther I'm to lead a single life,

I'll then be free o' quarrels, plague, and strife.

*Aur.* Weel, ha'e ye done, your tongue maun  
stand at last,



Nor wi' your daft-like jokes rin half so fast ;  
 Shou'd some blyth murkie lassie tak your e'e,  
 Ye'd change your tale and faster sing a wee.  
 Love has nae yet your heart strings gi'en a grip,  
 Ye'll find it smarter then an adder's nip ;  
 Ance on a day, I nae doubt thought as you,  
 But now my heart is alter'd fair I true ;  
 And fae it may, when Ketty true does prove,  
 How pleasant 'tis, when love is gi'en for love.

XXVI. A I R. *Silly Sripling.*

*Foolish youth give o'er your vaunting,  
 Love has charms unknown to thee ;  
 Where its powerful smiles are wanting,  
 There no genial joys can be.*

II.

*On the bed of anguish lying,  
 See the sage who laugh'd at love ;  
 No kind hand his wants supplying,  
 Strangers still will strangers prove.*

III.

*While some swains such joys are tasting,  
 As makes life glide smoothly o'er ;  
 Sick or weel, on love they're feasting,  
 Ever bending to its power.*

*Davie.* Sing on in praise o' wedlock's darling  
          charms ;

Freedom's the darling which my bosom warms.  
When geet's grow rife 'tis then begins the wark,  
Jean wants a coat, and Jocky wants a fark ;  
Cathrine falls o'er, and hame she brings anither  
To help the number, sifter be't or brither ;  
The Howdie for a dose will keenly cry,  
Deaf nits I true, ne'er set that Carlin by ;  
A kebbuck maun be got, and butter'd cakes,  
She'll bauldly tell, hame scones her stomach  
          rakes.

A het pint in a cap maun neist be made,  
To drink the health o' her that's brought to  
          bed ;

Till a' is o'er, poor Aurther's banish'd ben ;  
A while to greet, to hope, and greet again ;  
The fient a cap, nor cogue, nor pint he'll see,  
The wives the butt can better cogue than he.  
'Twould tak a summer-day to count each care,  
For then his credit's like his coat, thread bare ;  
The clapping feason o'er, he'd think and rue,  
And ever pining live frae hand to mou'.



XXVII. A I R. *William at Eve.*

*A plowman when free and divested of care,  
 How pleasant his moments do glide ;  
 With the lark in the morn', to his toil he'll repair,  
 Some rich fallow green turf to divide.  
 None envy his lot, his sweet pastime to scare  
 While his pattle and plow are his pride,  
 While his pattle and plow are his pride.*

## II.

*From morning till night see him whipping along,  
 Twa trusty dark grays by his side,  
 Tenfold are his hopes, and sweet freedom his song,  
 Till his plowing and mowing subside.  
 No malice, no strife, are his pleasures among,  
 While his pattle and plow are his pride, &c.*

## III.

*Content with his lot, how he'll carrol and play,  
 In the evening when home he doth ride ;  
 And recount all the toils and fatigues of the day,  
 Then some darling amusement provide ;  
 Love ne'er from his duty will prompt him to stray,  
 While his pattle and plow are his pride, &c.*

*Exeunt*

## S C E N E IV.

*Prologue.*

Joseph and Jack in penfive mood,  
 Are both resign'd to face their fate;  
 Joseph a secret does difclose,  
 Which doth in Jack new joys create.

JOSEPH.

**W**EEL Jack, fince it is fo, I muft remove,  
 Yet heaven I hope, will ftill propitious prove;  
 The little that is left, with you I'll fhare,  
 Which may our lives fustain with frugal care;  
 Scorning a wretch's hate, frae tyrants free,  
 Some kindly cottage fhall our dwelling be.

*Jack.* Kindly thou offer'ft frankly I agree,  
 To live what life juft heaven fhall order thee;  
 Souls once united in the focial tye  
 Of friendship, can each others woes defcry;  
 The cares which rack thy breaft, fhall too be  
 mine,

And heaven I trust, will teach us to resign;

B b



Yet while I'm blest'd with health, o'er seas to  
roam,

Still shall I find the means to cheerish home.  
Thy comfort, peace, and safety, still shall be,  
Through life a leading monitor to me.

*Jos.* Enough dear Jack, I've prov'd your  
virtuous mind,

Glad in the son, the father's heart to find ;  
Whose life was from the cradle to the grave,  
Gen'rous, humane, benevolent, and brave ;  
He long the busy path of life had trod,  
Earth's purest produce, emblem of his God.  
The smiles of fortune, and the voice of fame,  
Too fortunes wreck he felt, yet still the same,  
Till tir'd of bustle, and the jarring throng,  
He mov'd from town to list the linnet's song.  
In yonder blest retreat, in humble guise,  
He all the sweets of solitude did prize.

The poor man's friend, who's rugged path he  
smooth'd,

The widow and the orphan's wants he sooth'd,  
But what need on his virtues thus to dwell,  
'Twou'd tak a summer-day the half to tell.  
Now Jack, I have a secret to reveal,

Lock'd in my bosom with pure friendship's  
seal ;

Let not the fact too much elate your breast,  
But calmly hear each truth by me express'd ;

I weel remember that your worthy fire,  
E'er from this world of care he did retire ;

" By purest friendship's tye, said he I crave,

" E'er I descend into the mould'ring grave ;

" Thro' life you'll with affection pure and mild,

" Prove the kind guardian of my darling child.

Then frae a drawer a paper out he drew,

This deed in trust, said he, I leave with you,

" Instruct in Godly fear the growing youth,

" And train him up to virtue and to truth.

" The deed within your heart, a secret keep,

" Till manhood on his tender years shall creep ;

" But shou'd the prodigal e'er stamp his name,

" A youth debauch'd, depriv'd of sense and  
shame ;

" Let it still rest a secret in your breast,

" Till time and council have the rake defac'd."

Fulfill'd my charge, I here give up the deed,

You may retire, and all its contents read,

Five thousand pounds, which may your heart  
elate ;

Is there, a mortgage on the Squire's estate.



*Jack.* Enough, enough, it shall suffice to  
prove,  
To you my duty, and to Sue my love,  
How heaves my breast with joy, to think that  
now  
Amidst your cares, I comfort can bestow !  
The ship-wreck'd sailor, all efforts will try,  
From wreck to wreck he'll move, with wishful  
eye  
He sees impending death ; scarce half resign'd  
His languid eyes point to a shore unkind.  
Nature then feels the shock, his manhood flies,  
Ho lo is heard, he starts, ho lo he cries,  
The anxious few swift ply each nimble oar,  
And guide their charge with safety to the  
shore ;  
Snatch'd from the jaws of death, he'll gladly  
own,  
He feels a joy that else he ne'er had known ;  
His grateful feeling heart, who cou'd define ?  
But ah ! it surely cou'd not cope with mine.

*Jos.* That this may prove to us a day of joy  
Give me the deed, I'll all my power employ ;  
Soon to make payment, while that task be  
thine,  
To tell our friends no longer to repine ;

Aurther with haste the fatted calf shall flay,  
And we with merriment shall close the day.

XXVIII. A I R. *The Banks of Ness.*

*The gray ey'd morn' with clouds o'ercast,  
Portray its native nipping blast ;  
The tuneful linnets cease to sing,  
So much it seems unlike the spring ;  
Till Sol send forth his glad'ning beams,  
O'er valleys green and lucid streams ;  
'Tis then the tuneful warblers fly,  
Cheer'd with the change in yonder sky.*

II.

*And man whose high born thoughts arise,  
Above the verge of mere surmise,  
When fortune's lour his joys betray,  
All seems a waste of dark dismay ;  
Change but the scene to cheering hope,  
In coat of gray with kings he'll cope ;  
Then who can blame the village swain,  
To sing when fortune smiles again.*



*Enter* D A V I E.

*Davie.* Maist out o' breath, oh! Jack for  
safety fly,  
The gang, the ruthless prefs-gang, all are  
nigh;  
In yonder bught unseen, I heard them say,  
Jack shall of all, our pris'ner be this day.  
Move on my lads, hir'd by Squire Ironha',  
"Your pistols load, prepare your swords to  
draw."

When that I heard, across the fields I ran,  
To tell you o't, and frustrate their curs'd plan.

*Jack.* To what base actions will not man  
descend,  
When self-made fears his tainted conscience  
rend!

What are the limits of a wretch's hate,  
Which disappointment, lust, and rage create?  
Devils but do their worst, and faithless man  
Must stop, when he's done all the ills he can.

*Jos.* Too late may you reflect, time speeds  
away,  
In yonder field conceal'd among the hay;

There must you lurk, and I'll in haste repair  
 To have some chat wi' the perfidious Squire;  
 Of his rash deeds he doubtless will repent,  
 When I to him the mortgage do present;  
 Haste to the hay 'tis that can keep you free,  
 For I a band of men can yonder see.

*Exeunt.*

# SCENE V.

## *Prologue to the Scene.*

On a green plain the Squire and Joseph meet,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,  
 Ruin in her grim advances stares the Squire,  
 'Tis not in fortune's power to steer him free.

## SQUIRE.

'T IS false, no deed on my estate can be,  
 My uncle left it of all burthens free,

*[Joseph takes the deed from his pocket.]*

Here is the deed, the truth of which I'll prove,  
 And ev'ry doubt that may arise, remove,



Yet for your uncle's sake, I thus can tell,  
If you yon band of men will but dispel,  
You need the less, be of the deed afraid,  
If not, to-morrow payment must be made.

*Squire.* As for the deed, of it I nothing know,  
But for the gang, they homeward now shall  
go,

To morrow all your claims on me I'll hear.

*Jos.* To-morrow all your doubts I'll fully  
clear,

As fate's dark maze no mortal eye can scan,  
Man shou'd not do to man the worst he can.

*Exit. Joseph.*

*Squire.* What horrors seize my soul! heav'n  
has my fate,

My wretched fate, mark'd at no distant date.

I saw the deed, my uncle's hand I knew,

And can no longer doubt its being true,

I'll hope 'tis false, but what can hoping do?

When the old prig both hopes and proves it  
true,

"Why there's the rub." Like an old rotten  
mast,

Depriv'd of sails, a prey to every blast,  
 But still a mast it is, whose every rent,  
 Serves as a mouth, pouring to fate its 'plaint,  
 Had it still grac'd some wild, and not the  
 deck,

It ne'er had bow'd to fame, nor fortune's  
 wreck,

But by its native mould still cheer'd had been,  
 Till time's decay had laid it on the green.

Tho' late buoy'd up by affluence and fame,  
 When Joseph proves the deed, my fate's the  
 fame,

The little overplus I fure can claim,  
 But what's a little to a gentle name,  
 I may the shell, but he'll the kernel keep,  
 He may go merry make, I may go weep,  
 Or plung'd in Lethe, take a cordial draught,  
 On wings of sweet forgetfulness to waft,  
 To where I'll ne'er grieve o'er a lost estate,  
 The wrecks of fickle fortune, fame and fate.

[Exit



## S C E N E VI.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

Within a field o' hay, Jack lyes reclin'd,  
 Deliberating on the chance of fate,  
 Till Sufan eastward hies with fearful mind,  
 For what the change of fortune may create.

JACK.

**W**HAT strange events can one short day  
 produce,  
 And bring to light what's doubtful and ab-  
 struse!  
 The morn its gates may ope with radiant  
 beams,  
 T' illuminate the silver'd purling streams,  
 At noon a storm fair nature's face may change,  
 And mortal's hopeful toils at once derange;  
 Man sees bleak terror spreading far and wide,  
 He hopes, yet's doubtful when it may sub-  
 side,  
 One single darted ray steals through between  
 Two parted clouds, then cheer'd the swains  
 are seen.

Here comes alone my soul's enlivening ray,  
Whose chearful smiles can all my cares be-  
tray,  
Forc'd from her arms to roam on distant seas,  
Ten thousand worlds could not my heart a-  
pease.

*Enter* S U S A N.

*Jack.* How fares my love, why are those  
looks o'ercast?

*Sue.* I fear the present, future, and the  
past ;

Like to a pack of hounds who's caught the  
scent,

Ranging from bush to bush, from bent to  
bent,

Eager with hungry jaws the prey to catch  
And you the victim are they'd fondly snatch.  
Frae what this day has brought to light I fear,  
Some richer lass your heart may from me tear,  
Syne frae the hated brink my fate I'll see,  
And grieve to be depriv'd of love and thee.

*Jack.* Sooner shall trees forget their fruit to  
yield,



And nature's coat of green to deck the field,  
 Sooner shall earth and sea unite in one  
 Sole mass, and overturn great nature's plan;  
 And out their orbits stars fall from above,  
 Then I can change, or thee forget my love;  
 Our hearts have long by heaven united been,  
 And ty'd with Hymen's bands they'll soon be  
 seen.

Come to my arms, and on my glowing breast,  
 Reclin'd, I'll kiss thy cares to endless rest.

*Sue.* In harvest when fell winds begin to  
 blow,

And ripn'd grain frae out its hool to fa',  
 The wishfu' farmer wi a heart o' grief,  
 His hopes sees blasted, nor can send relief,  
 Till heaven tye up the thunder-shaking blast,  
 Wi' joy he then hopes a' his cares are past.  
 I'll wi' the farmer hope the blast is o'er,  
 And pray that heaven on us its bounties show-  
 er;

But yonder we're baith call'd and I can see,  
 Sweet rays of joy to dart frae ilka e'e.

*Exit.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Prologue to the Scene.*

Before the Hamlet door upon the green,  
 The homely cottagers do a' convene,  
 Poor Thimble fees 'tis vain to sigh for Sue,  
 And soon resolves anither lass to woo;  
 And Joseph wi' a whip the which he'll give,  
 To him wha shall in mirth excel the lave.

THIMBLE.

**T**HERE come they staping chearfu' side by  
 side,

The fight's fell cutting and right fair to bide,  
 But I'll keep up my heart as well's I can,  
 I'll throw aside my love and shaw the man,  
 'Tis vain to sigh for ane that is unkind,  
 Or this fae fair to brak my peace o' mind,  
 Joseph's advice I'll tak, fae farewell Sue,  
 My lugs I'll cock anither lass to woo.

XXVIII. A I R. *The Taylor done over.*

*Tho' Susan has slighted me lasses there's plenty,  
 Her heart on the sailor I see has been bent ay,*



*No more on her charms my fancy shall hover,  
That foolish fond suit I'll now quickly give over,  
Over, over, Ob !*

II.

*In my best Sunday's suit I will dress myself finely,  
Some buxom young lass I will talk to divinely,  
If her heart's disengag'd I will quickly discover,  
If 'tis, I'm again a poor taylor done over,  
Over, over, Ob !*

*Enter JACK and SUE.*

*Jos.* Again the coast is clear you're welcome  
Jack,  
Here on the green to quaff a bowl of sack,  
This day we'll end with festive mirth and  
glee,  
The cotter's call, and herds frae aff the lee,  
Wha wears a gloom the gauntlet thrice shall  
rin,  
And wha excells in mirth this whip shall win,  
*Aur.* That I may not in jovial mirth fa'  
short,  
But join in hearty glee the gladsome sport,

Vouchsafe to say my bridal board ye'll grace,  
With Jack and Sue to gladden every face.

*Jos.* I promise fair, and o'er your sma demand,

A cow I'll gie you, and a wee bit land,  
Where blest'd with health and Ketty for your wife,

May gar you spend a lov'd and happy life,  
Now Jack I give you joy the storm is past,  
And soft unclouded rays dart in at last  
The ample fortune now put in your power,  
May serve to make life's voyage glide smoothly o'er.

*Jack.* Could words express the feelings of my heart,

A thousand tongues could scarce the half impart.

To make my blessings countless as the sand,  
Nought now is wanting but fair Susan's hand,  
To you I humbly bow, for favours past,  
And crave her as the greatest and the last.

*Jos.* Take then her hand, may heaven your joys complete,

And lay its richest blessings at your feet,  
May soft domestic peace be never marr'd,



And virtue ever meet it's own reward.

*Sue.* My wishes are complete I'll seek nae  
mair,  
But health, the sweats of life wi' Jack to share,  
That I may through this variegated life,  
Prove ay a loving and a faithful wife.

*Mar.* Wha cou'd be silent when such joys  
abound,  
I'll sing till echos frae yon hills redound,  
Nor shall I this forget which heaven's decreed,  
Till lowly laid amang the silent dead.

XXIX. A I R. *There was an auld wife had  
a wee pickle tow.*

*The peasant undaunted may rove o'er the plain,  
The world's his ain for the winnin' o't,  
The sailor for riches may trip o'er the main,  
And safely waft hame wi' the rinnin' o't.  
The lover nae doubt of his lass will complain,  
If she his fast wooing shou'd treat wi' disdain,  
And heaven can to opulence raise a young swain,  
Tho' baulk'd by a weary beginnin' o't.*

*Jos.* May heaven allow me length of days to  
see  
Their bairns trodling round and round my  
knee,  
Content, adieu I'll bid this warld of care,  
And leave my blessing wi' the loving pair,

*T H E E N D.* •





S O N G.

C H O R U S.

*Green grow the rushes O,  
Green grow the rushes O,  
Auld care to drown, and mirth to crown's,  
To rant amang the lasses O.*

**L**ET Whigs and Torries a' convene,  
In sober social classes O,  
Gie me my wish, an hour at e'en,  
To rant amang the lasses O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

Auld churlish fools condemn my rules,  
Say "time he vainly passes O,"  
I scorn their spite, for my delight's,  
To rant amang the lasses O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

Bold sailor Jack still keeps the deck,  
Tho o'er him Neptune washes O;  
Crys "hearts of steel, soon home we'll reel,  
"And rant amang the lasses O."

Green grow, &c.



IV.

When friends are met, and social set,  
Wi' glee fly round the glasses O,  
Each wi' a boast begins to toast,  
Some rantin' buxom lasses O,  
Green grow, &c.

V.

Each gloomy mind, soon ease wou'd find,  
Tho' deep despair him dashes O,  
Wou'd he unseen an hour at e'en,  
Gae rant among the lasses O.  
Green grow, &c.

VI.

Auld Adam broke, the sacred yoke,  
Thence woe on mankind passes O,  
Tho' he forfaw, his dismal fa',  
He eat to please the lasses O.  
Green grow, &c.

S O N G.

*Mary's Reply to Sandy's Ghost* \*.

O Sandy stay and bear me hence,  
No longer here I will sojourn.  
All pleasure's fled when you are thence,  
If I'm with thee no more I'll mourn.  
Ye seraphs waft me to my love,  
Farewell ye mortals here below,  
No more I'll wander in the grove,  
Where Sandy first his love did show.

II.

The damps of death fast seize my heart,  
My vital breath I'll now resign,  
I'll soar on high and never part,  
With Sandy who'll be ever mine.  
Ye maidens fair hear my complaint,  
Far from this earth my soul takes wing,  
With sorrow now my heart is rent,  
Lo yonder comes death's awful king.

\* See a Song intitled Mary's Dream, in the Perth Collection.



## III.

Thus Mary spoke with uplift eyes,  
My Sandy dear I come to thee;  
We'll meet once more beyond the skies,  
Tho' thy cold clay be in the sea.  
My weeping friends forbear to mourn,  
Tho' here I yield my latest breath,  
To whence they came all must return,  
She said, then clos'd her eyes in death,

S O N G *for Saint John's-Day.*

**H**AIL master and brethren united  
By love and the laws of our core,  
Who here by Saint John are invited,  
To drink to his memory once more.

Let others combine,  
'Gainst the plum and the line ;  
We value their frowns not a kink,  
While time runs its round,  
Shall be heard this glad sound,  
To Saint John fill your goblets and drink.

II.

Our secrets the world may conjecture,  
But what the duce more can they know,  
Since heaven is our glorious protector,  
We'll spurn the assaults of a *foe*.  
In the lodge cou'd he creep,  
At the brethren to peep,  
Set three by three all in the link ;  
Of friendship's sweet tye,  
All our joy's he'd envy,  
When to John our great patriot we drink.



III.

Then charge my brave brethren be jolly,  
A bumper fill up to the toast,  
Should the world us condemn thro' its folly,  
We'll still in true *Masonry* boast ;  
    In ages to come,  
    Both abroad and at home,  
While mortals are able to think,  
    Each lodge shall resound  
    With this echo profound,  
To Saint John fill your goblets and drink.

## S O N G.

OLD Shamby the lawyer had long an intent,  
 Of his former deeds to sincerely repent,  
 Yet av'rice still held the old cub by the heart,  
 And swore while he liv'd he would ne'er with  
                   him part,                   Derry down

## II.

It happ'ned one evening as lonely he sat,  
 The Devil pop'd, in in the shape of a cat,  
 Just as the old sinner was settling the cause,  
 Whither justice or sin from his breast he'd  
                   eraze                   Derry down.

## III.

Long lasted the combat, the scales still hung  
                   even,  
 One brimful of Hell, and the other of Heaven,  
 He sigh'd for the one, yet the other held dear,  
 Half resolv'd to try *sin* for another half year,  
                   Derry down.

## IV.

But Satan who fearing a change in the case,  
 Resolv'd in a balance his faith not to place,  
 From behind softly whisper'd old *Sham* in the  
                   ear,

"Kick the beam in my favour you nought  
                   have to fear,"                   Derry down,



S O N G.

Tune, *Kett of Aberdeen.*

**S**LOW bends below yon westling sky,  
The sun's refulgent ray,  
All nature does the change descry,  
And bids adieu to day.  
Soft fly the echos o'er the dale,  
Homeward the lambkins bleat,  
The murm'ring brook and winding gale,  
Meand'ring notes repeat.

II.

From morning's sun till his retreat,  
O'er hills and dales I'll stray,  
At nipping frosts or scorching heat,  
I'll laugh the live long day.  
When the pale evening's sable hue,  
Brings Collin to my arms,  
To taste the sweets of love so true,  
Enfolded in his arms.

III.

Why stays my love in yonder bought,  
Till day has clos'd its eye,

Why does this heart-corroding thought,  
Tear from my breast a sigh.  
Ye Gods watch o'er my shepherd swain,  
And view me here forlorn,  
Haste bring him to my arms again,  
Nor leave me thus to mourn.

EPITAPH *on Donald Cameron a Highlandman,  
laid hard by the door of the Church-yard.*

HERE lyes a lump of highland clay,  
'Tho' farthest down ne'er means to stray,  
Yet when we rise at the great day,  
Some blyth some stammerin',  
He's niest the door to lead the way,  
Rise Donald Cameron.

F I N I S.



## G L O S S A R Y.

## A

**A'** all  
 Aboon, above, up  
 Ae, one  
 Aiblins, perhaps  
 Aith, oath  
 Afrins, the thickest of  
 the milk  
 Ain, own  
 Amrie, cupboard  
 An' and, if  
 Ane, one, an  
 Asteer, moving  
 Auld farran', cunning, sa-  
 gacious  
 Ayont, beyond

## B

**B**a', ball  
 Baith, both  
 Bauld, bold  
 Bang, an effort  
 Belyve, by and by  
 Billie, a young fellow

Birkie, a clever fellow  
 Birze, to push, briz  
 Bing, a heap of grain,  
 &c.  
 Blade, fellow  
 Biel' or bield, shelter  
 Birl, quick  
 Braw, neat, fine  
 Breeks, breeches  
 Brawly, finely  
 Branks, a wooden curb  
 for horses  
 Brisket, bosom, breast  
 Buskit, dressed  
 Buz, noise  
 Bum or low, nonsense

## C

**C**ANTIE, chearful  
 Cauntrips, witchcraft  
 Cap, a wooden drinking  
 vessel  
 Cannas, canvas  
 Carlin a stout old woman  
 Caf, chaff

Callant, boy  
Chield, a young fellow  
Cheek for chow, side by  
side

Clouk, the hand  
Collie, a dog  
Claiks, tale bearing  
Cotter the inhabitant of a  
cottage

Cogue, a wooden dish  
Commers, lasses  
Cozie, snug  
Coof, a blockhead  
Couthie, loving, kind  
Crack, conversation  
Crouse, brave  
Crambo-clink, rhyming,  
doggrel verse  
Cuz, clofs

## D

**D**AFT, foolish  
Daut, to make much of  
Daddie, father  
Dang, pushed  
Deil-may-care, no matter  
Describe, describe  
A dirl, a hasty shock  
Doited, crazed  
Divets, flags  
Douce, prudent  
Dofs, a tobacco bag  
Dool, sorrow, to lament

Dow'd, trifled  
Duddie, ragged  
Dwang, to shake roughly

**E**E, the eye, een, the  
eyes

Eerie, frightful  
Eild, old age  
Elritch, frightful

## F

**F**A', fall  
Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder  
Fell, keen, biting  
Fient, a petty oath  
Flypit, to fall  
Frae, from  
Flyre, to look surely  
Fun, diversion  
Fu', drunk

## G

**G**AE, to go  
Gaed, went  
Gab, talk, also the head  
Gar, to force  
Gauments, thighs  
Geordies, guineas  
Gauky, giddy  
Gear, riches, goods  
Geet, a child  
Gin, against, if  
Gloamin, evening



Glowr, to stare  
 Glaiket, foolish, inatten-  
 tive  
 Gowk, a term of con-  
 tempt

Goody, landlady  
 Gowd, gold  
 Gullie, a knife  
 Grannie, grandmother  
 Gree, applause

## H

**H**A'FLINS, medio-  
 crity

Haiches, force  
 Hawkie, a cow  
 Heels o'er gowdie, up-  
 side down

Hech! oh! strange!

Hod, hide

Howdie, a midwife

Hizzie, a term of contempt

Hool, out case, or shell

Havence, manners

Hurdies, the loins

Huddle-muddle, secrecy

Hyte, insane

## I

**I**, in  
 Ilk or ilka, each, every  
 Ingle, fire

Inklin, rumour

Jimp, slender

Jee, move

Jo, a lover

## K

**K**EEK mutch, head-  
 drefs

Kelpies, spirits said to  
 haunt fords or ferries  
 at night

Knowe, a small hillock

Kist, chest

Kyte, the belly

Knack, art

Keekin-glass, chamberpot

Kebback, a cheese

## L

**L**AP, did leap

Lempit, a kind of shell-  
 fish

Lave, the rest, the others

Lassack, a lass

Lift, the sky

Leuch, did laugh

Lilt, to sing

Loan, the place of milk-  
 ing

Loof, the palm of the  
 hand

Lowe, to burn, also to

cry like black cattle  
 Loon or loun, a youth  
 Lug, the ear  
 Luggie, a woodendish with  
 a handle  
 Lum, the chimney

## M

**M**AIR, more  
 Maukin, a hare  
 Mang, among  
 Manseless, rude, ill bred  
 Mim, affectedly  
 Merligoes, airy visions  
 Misca', to abuse  
 Mou' the mouth  
 Murkie, gay

## N

**N**AE, not any, no  
 Nick, the devil, also opportunity  
 Nowte, black cattle  
 Nick nacks, small ware  
 Noddle, the head

## O

**O'**, of  
 Ony, any  
 O t, of it

## P

**P**ORRITCH, oatmeal  
 pudding  
 Pack, get, go  
 Pang, cram  
 Paukie, cunning, fly  
 Pattle, a pleugh staff  
 Plack, an old Scotch coin  
 Plow, plough  
 Poortith, poverty  
 Pow, the head

## R

**R**AREIN, roaring  
 Reek, smoke  
 Roose, to praise  
 Ruddie, blooming

## S

**'S**, is  
 Sae, so  
 Sair, ferve  
 Saul, foul  
 Sax, fix  
 Scone, a kind of bread  
 Screed, to tear  
 Sconner, a loathing  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Sic, such  
 Scleintin' ways, zig zag



Skelpit, worsted  
 Smeddum, mettle, fence  
 Spier, to ask  
 A smack, a kiss  
 Steek, to shut  
 Stirk, a Cow, or bullock,  
 a year old  
 Spell, witchcraft  
 Steeve and swank, firm, a  
 agile  
 Sunk, a feat made of flags  
 Swither, trembling  
 Stowlins, secretly  
 Syne

## T

**T**AK, to take  
 Tent, to take head  
 Tether, a rope by which  
 horses are bound  
 Teat, a small quantity  
 Tete, to look  
 Thrang, throng  
 Thud, to strike  
 Tither, the other  
 Tirl, to drive  
 Tow, a rope  
 Toil, work  
 Tocher, marriage portion,  
 Towmont, a twelve month

Trig, neat  
 Tug, to pull  
 Tyke, a dog

## U

**U**NCOS, news  
 Ugg, loathing

## W

**W**A', wall  
 Wad, wager  
 Wadna, would not  
 Wallop, to flutter or flee  
 Webster, a weaver  
 We'se we shall  
 Whirliegigs useless orna-  
 ments  
 Wi', with  
 Wink, the twinkling of  
 ane eye  
 Winna, will not  
 To woo, to courtship  
 Wyte, to blame

## Y

**Y**OUDEN drift, snow  
 driven by the wind  
 Youk, itch